King EDWARD III.

With the Fall of

MORTIMER

EARL of

MARCH.

AN

Hiſtorical-PLAY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL.

BY THEIR

Majeſties Servants.

LONDON:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY,
Lord Viſcount SYDNEY *of* Sheppey, *one of the Lords of their Majeſties moſt Honourable Privy-Council, Principal Secretary of State in this Kingdom, one of the Lords Juſtices of* Ireland, *and Lord-Lieutenant of the County of* Kent.

My LORD,

WERE not your Goodneſs equal with your Greatneſs, I durſt not preſume to lay this humble Offering before you; but as in Diſtreſs, the poorer the Object, the nobler the Charity; ſo in my Circumſtances, the meaner the Dedicator, the more worthy and eſteemed Will be the Condeſcending Patronage of your Lordſhip. Nor ought

ought I to doubt your generous Favours, ſince your Predeceſſors were always great Encouragers of Poetry.

I muſt not omit the Renowned Sir *Philip Sidney*, (whoſe Father was thrice Lord Deputy of *Ireland*) which was not only an admirable Writer (beſides his vaſt Accompliſhments in other things) but ſo indulgent a Patron to the Sons of the Muſes, that the famous *Spencer* dedicated his Works to him as the only Perſon capable of eſpouſing 'em. But this Illuſtrious Worthy was at laſt taken from us (tho' to the eternal Honour of the *Engliſh*) in that Glorious and never to be forgotten Action in the Low-Countries, the Battle of *Zutphen* in *Gelderland*.

But I go too far from my Purpoſe.

My Lord, I could not help my Preſumption in begging your Protection of this Play, it being an *Engliſh* Story ſo fam'd for the Reign of its Monarch, and the Management of thoſe few good Men about him, who with great Difficulty preſerv'd this Prince from the Evil Machinations of *Mortimer* and his Faction, from the potent Enemies of an Intereſted State; and the unnatural Connivance of a Mother (who deſign'd as much to uſurp his Right as ſhe really did deſtroy his Fathers) and the delivering their Country from the Tyranny and Oppreſſion it had been long afflicted with, and which, in all probability threatned the total Overthrow of the Eſtabliſh'd Liberties of the Subject.

I ſay,

I ſay, theſe weighty Motives induc'd me to conſecrate this Piece to your Lordſhip, as a true bred Son of the Country, and a Perſon who has always valued the Freedom of his Native Brethren, above the Temptations of a prejudic'd and deſigning Court.

If Preferment could have drawn you from your Eſteem to the Publick, never Bait was better managed than that which was offered to decoy your Lordſhip: But you ſtood it out with the Reſolution of Sir *Robert Holland*, went on with the Sincerity and Prudence of Sir *Tho. Delamore*, and maintain'd it with the Spirit of Lord *Mountacute*.

The World cannot be inſenſible of the unalterable Eſteem the Family of the *Sydneys* have conſtantly ſhewn both in their Endeavours and Sufferings for the Benefit of the Common-Weal. And ſure (if we are honeſt to our ſelves) we muſt thrive, ſince thoſe who always oppoſed the Enemies of our Country have, with much Patience and Diligence, overcome their induſtrious Miſchiefs, and have now the Care of what they've ſo hard tugged for.

We have a King who thinks his Life no longer uſeful than when employed for the Service of his People; We have a Parliament ſtedfaſt and generous, the Publick Employments in the Hands of Men of Worth, Fortunes, and Honour: (not liable to be brib'd from Abroad) The neceſſary Part of the Nation ſatisfy'd and united with a Providence that

that has prov'd (by its Care of our Monarch, both Abroad and at Home) how our Choice is eſteem'd Above.

That theſe Bleſſings may not be with-drawn, is ſurely the hearty Prayer of all the Well-affected; and that the Country may never want a Friend like your Lordſhip, is the zealous Wiſh of him, who ſhall always beg the Honour of ſubſcribing himſelf,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient,

Obliged and Dutiful Servant,

Will. Mountfort.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Powel.*

I Can but think how many here are come,
Prepar'd to give the enſuing Play its Doom:
But like the Gordian-Knot *this Play was made,*
By one who brought it us in Maſquerade.
Plays were at firſt deſign'd to laſh the Age,
By ſhewing all its Vices on the Stage,
As in a Glaſs there each might ſee his own,
And being conſcious bluſh'd at what he'd done;
The Fool, the Knave, the Villain they expos'd
And the Blood-thirſty Politician nooz'd;
But Virtue, tho' ſhe ſuffer'd long at laſt,
Was Crown'd with a Reward for what was paſt;
The honeſt-thinking Heathen *ſhew'd the way,*
And handed down the Moral, call'd a Play.
Old Ben *and* Shakeſpear *copied what they writ,*
Then downright Satyr was accounted Wit.
The Fox *and* Alchymiſt *expos'd the Times,*
The Perſons then was loaded with their Crimes:
But for the ſpace of Twenty Years, and more,
You've hiſs'd this way of Writing out of Door,
And kick and winch when we but touch the Sore.
But as ſome Faſhions long ſince uſeleſs grown,
Are now reviv'd, and all the Mode o'th' Town,
Why mayn't the antient Way of Writing pleaſe,
And in its Turn meet with the ſame Succeſs?
The Story's true if you'll believe Record,
Edward the Third *has ſtampt it on his Word.*
Here Engliſh-men *with Pleaſure may behold,*
How much their Liberties were priz'd of old.
How hard this Prince for's Country's Freedom ſtrove,
And how both proſper'd in each others Love.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING *Edward the Third.*	Mr. *Powell.*
Mortimer, Earl of *March.*	Mr. *Williams.*
Lord *Mountacute.*	Mr. *Mountfort.*
Sir *Thomas Delamore.*	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Sir *Robert Holland.*	Mr. *Hodgſon.*
Tarleton, Biſhop of *Hereford*, and Chancellor of *England.*	Mr. *Lee.*
Serjeant *Eitherſide.*	Mr. *Nokes.*
Turrington.	Mr. *Bridges.*
Nevill.	Mr. *Freeman.*
Sly.	Mr. *Bright.*
Secret.	Mr. *Trafuſe.*
Earl of *Leiceſter.*	Mr. *Bowman.*
Earl of *Exeter.*	Mr. *Sandford.*

WOMEN.

Iſabella, Queen-Mother.	Mrs. *Barry.*
Maria, Niece to Serjeant *Eitherſide*, in Love with *Mountacute.*	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

Lords, Attendants, Guards, Lawyers.

SCENE, *Nottingham.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

King

King EDWARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Nottingham.*

The Court of King Edward.

Enter Lord Mountacute, *Sir* Tho. Delamore, *and Sir* Robert Holland.

Lord Mountacute.

IT much disturbs me, *Delamore*, that thou
Of all Mankind should'st think my Temper frail;
What hast thou ever seen in *Mountacute*,
Or read i'th Annals of his Ancestors,
To fear him, or suspect his Resolution?
Proclaim me Bastard, if my Blood proves base,
I tell thee good old Friend;

I'll baniſh Sleep and Pleaſure till I've found
A Means to ſet my bleeding Country free;
And in the fury of this noble Heat,
Plunge through a Sea of Blood for her Deliverance.
Sir *T. Dela.* I queſtion not your Spirit, But----
L. *Mont.* What?
Sir *T. Dela.* Pray give me leave:
Nay, I muſt chide you, for you give the Reins
To ſuch a Paſſion may undo us all;
Are there not ſharp Obſervers plac'd about us,
Who, if 'twere poſſible, would ſearch our Souls?
This eager Fire will quite foreſtal our Purpoſe.
L. *Mount.* Well! I am huſht. (Thoughts,
But pray propoſe ſome Means may pleaſe my
Since you'll confine my Tongue.—
Sir *T. Dela.* Nay, I'm for urging of our Wrongs,
There is a time (but calmly,
When Heaven will do us Right for all our Woes.
And if the Orphans Crys or Widows Tears,
The Blood of Innocents which ſtains the Land,
Can haſten Vengeance, ſure 'tis drawing nigh.
L. *Mount.* 'Tis full three Years ſince *Mortimer*
(began
To Lord it o'er us by the Queens vile Favour;
He ſtalks as on a Mountain by himſelf,
Whilſt we creep humbly in the Vale below,
And eye, and curſe, what we're afraid to reach at.
Sir *Rob. Holl.* In this ſhort ſpace, he and his Bro-
(ther-Devil
Have made, undone, new-fram'd, ſhuffl'd and
(toſs'd
The antient Cuſtoms of our Native Soil
So very often, that the Kingdom ſtaggers
Under the heavy Burden of her Change.
L. *Mont.* What are our Princes? what the No-
(bles now?
Are they not Vaſſals to this Upſtart's State?
No more the Fame of our Nobility

Be

Be call'd in mind; who when Uſurping Powers
Did but attempt to innovate our Laws (ſtood
With their keen Swords like Guardian Angels
And kept the Harpies from the Sacred Fruit.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Is it not fatal to reſiſt his Will?
Nay, none muſt ſmile if *Mortimer* be ſullen;
Curſe on his Pride: Why ſhould we brook it (longer?
Why don't we boldly tell the King our Thoughts,
And make him Great in ſpight of evil Counſel?

Sir *Tho. Dela.* There will be *Mortimer* in every (State;
Some Favourite Villain to oppreſs the Subject,
Who ſell to Knaves what honeſt Men ſhould have,
Which loſe their Right only for being poor;
The largeſt Bribe is ſtill his deareſt Friend,
And values not the Credit of his Prince,
Therefore 'tis juſt
The King ſhould know how much he is Eclips'd,
Who 'tis that graſps the Scepter in his ſtead,
And how his Mother laviſhly doth waſte
The beſt of his Revenue on this *March*. (ſelf,

L. *Mount.* It reſts not there, ſhe proſtitutes her
Pardon me, for I will not giv't no better Name;
Is ſhe not grown the common Tale of all?
One Palace holds 'em both, one Table feeds 'em,
Nay, I will ſpeak it, Sir, one Bed contains 'em:
The Brawny Minion's dieted on purpoſe
To do the Drudgery of Royal Lewdneſs. (Knaves:

Sir *Rob. Holl.* How are we manag'd by a pair of
March rides the Privileges of all the Peers;
For who in Parliament ſpeaks not his Thoughts
Muſt never have a good Look from the Court:
Whilſt *Hereford*, the Reverend Chancellor,
Perſwades the Queen ſhe may diſpence with Laws,
And renders 'em according to her purpoſe.

Sir *Tho. Del.* If as ſometimes he meets a knotty (Point

Which will not ſtretch to what his Need requires;
He Summons the moſt Learned of the Robe,
Begging their kind Interpretation of it,
Telling how neceſſary, nay how Loyal 'tis
When the Prerogative o'th Crown is pinch'd
Within the Clutches of the Griping Law
To eaſe the Royal Power, and give it Freedom:
If they comply not, then his Greatneſs culls
From out the Scum o'the Inns of Chancery,
A Set of poor neceſſitated Rogues, (Court:
Who've run through all the Judgments of each
And theſe he makes his Learned Expoſitors;
Theſe, as they ſteadily perform their Task,
He puts into their Places who refus'd him:
Some have the Fortune to aſcend the Bench,
But then they're ſuch Proficients in their Art
They'd baffle Truth tho' never ſo well back'd,
And dare the Devil in his own Profeſſion.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Juſtice and Honeſty have left the (Robe,
For ſince the Prelate *Hereford* is choſen,
(Under Pretence that Piety beſt ſuits
To adorn the Perſon of a Chancellor)
Becauſe on Conſcience Equity depends:
The antient Practicers refuſe to plead
Baulk'd with his over-ruling clamourous Tongue;
They tell you with a heavy Heart and look,
That after many Years of conſtant Practice
They muſt to School again and learn the Law.

L. *Mount.* Come, come, it never was a proſpe- (rous World,
Since Prieſts were Judges made of Temporal Mat- (ters:
Why ſhould we wonder People grow prophane,
When Miter'd-Heads lead 'em the way to Hell;
The Cuſtoms of their Anceſtors they ſlight,
Have chang'd their Shirts of Hair for Robes of (Gold:
Thus Luxury and Intereſt rules the Church,

Whilſt

Whilſt Piety and Conſcience dwells in Caves.
Let's ſtem the Current of this furious Tide,
Our Country is the Parent of us all;
And ſhall we talk away the precious Hours
Whilſt theſe vile Hang-men ſtretch her on the Rack?
Let's force young *Edward's* Safety by our Swords,
And cut off all the Holds which bar his Glory.

Sir *Tho. Del.* Bleſſings upon thee for this generous Heat,
From hence my Fears and Jealouſies, be gone;
Thou art the Soul of Honour new reviv'd,
Which for ſome Years, as once the *Romans* did,
Withdrew thy ſelf into a willing Exile.
Action, there will be Fuel for thy Fire,
Great as thy Spirit courts, and worthy of thee,
The Matter's ready, and the Engin's fix'd,
Many prepar'd and eager for their Work,
But Place and Time forbid the telling more:
The Darling comes.

Enter Guards, Gentlemen, Turrington, *and* Nevill; *followed by the Earl of* March.

Waiters. Make way there——
Guards. Room for his Lordſhip:
L. *Mount.* See how the Toad ſwells with his own Applauſe:
Sir *Tho. Del.* My Lord you do forget.
L. *Mount.* I'm ſilent.
Mortim. Turrington:
Turring. Your Pleaſure.
[*Petitioners kneeling with Papers.*
Mort. What are thoſe Men which bend their Knees to us?
They ſeem as Suppliants.
Turring. So they are indeed from ſeveral Towns, Cities and Boroughs they are come,
Humbly imploring you would intercede
For their loſt Charters to the incens'd Queen.
Mortim. That is the Chancellor's Buſineſs.

Turr. They know your Intereſt greater and en-
(treat it;
The Judges have annull'd 'em; and unleſs
Your Goodneſs can prevail, many a Town
By their own Faults incurr'd will fall to Ruin,
And be a Wilderneſs; Thouſands of Families
Now in the way of Life muſt ſtarve and periſh.

Mortim. Their antient Charters by the Law are
(forfeited,
But I will ſtudy how to get 'em new ones:
Our Time is ſpent in telling things aright,
This Kingdom wants it, and I am its Friend.

L. *Mount.* Was ever Pride or Arroganee like
(this?

Mortim. Nevill, What would thoſe People have?

Nevill. May it pleaſe your Honour,
They are Inhabitants of the adjacent Corporations,
They all of 'em have Voices at Elections,
And promiſe for the Parliaments to come,
(like.
They will chooſe none but what the Court ſhall

Mortim. 'Tis well, and we take notice of their
(Wiſdom,
See that you give 'em Welcome as becomes us;
Such Subjects muſt not want Encouragement,
And *March* be living.

L. *Mount.* Unheard of Impudence.

Dela. My Lord, we are obſerv'd, ſee how he
(eyes us;
Nor are we ſafe whilſt we ſtand trifling here.
(ſtiff.

L. *Mount.* Why let him eye us till his Balls grow
His Looks may fright thoſe who have Dependance
I ſlight the worſt and beſt of 'em!
(on him,

Mortim. Ha! What ſaid he?

Turr. Sir.

Mortim. Lead on.

As he moves, is met by Mountacute, *who fronts him; they ſtare at each other, and joſtle.*

Ha, joſtled!

L. *Mount.*

L. *Mount.* I find the Man is greater than the Room;
Sure elſe he might have ſtrutted clear of me.
Mort. Thou art a froward Peer.
Mount. Thou art a vain one: Nay, frown not
Thy Terror's loſt on me: (*March,*
Look big upon thoſe Baſtard *Engliſh-men,*
Who tamely yield their Rights and Charters up,
And ſwear to pick a Parliament
Shall ſell our Freedoms, Perſons and Eſtates,
To gain a ſhort-liv'd Smile----
They probably may dread thee.
Mortim. Raſh Youth, no more, leſt thou pro-
(voke my Anger,
Till I forget the Palace that protects thee;
But the Eagle ſeldom condeſcends, I think,
To combat with the Paſſion of a Wren.
L. *Mount.* I tell thee, Boaſter, that my Veins do
A Nobler, Richer, Purer Blood than thine. (hold
Mortim. Thy Words are Air which no Impreſ-
(ſion make,
So Boys hurl Stones in Water, and ſo loſt.
L. *Mount.* So Men ſhun Provocations under
(Proverbs.
Mort. Shun thee, poor Wretch, I pity thee.
L. *Mount.* I ſcorn thy Pity, and contemn thy
(Hate.
Dela. Nay, *Mountacute,* (thee forth.
L. *Mount.* Rot his proud Spirit--- Oh that I had
On ſome wide Plain to hunt thy haughty Soul,
Diſtant from all Protection but thy Sword,
There thou ſhouldſt find----
Mort. A Prattler;
Thy Mother's Folly dwells upon thy Tongue,
Thou cam'ſt from School too early,
Fye Boy, fye. (neer of Hell.
L. *Mount.* Stateſman, Stateſman, thou Engi-
Mort. Rail on, and ſpend thy Gall, malicious
(Thing,

Whoſe Nurſe's Milk ſtill hangs upon thy Lips,
You ſhould be ſcourg'd to Manners.

L. Mount. The King ſhall know thee.

Mort. Then he'll know himſelf.

L. Mount. Arrogance, I ſhall meet thee.

Mort. Beware the Thunder Child, 'tis dangerous.

L. Mount. If thou art ſo, like Lightning I'll fore-
(run thee,
And if thy ſelf thou dar'ſt a Thunder prove,
Follow me *Mortimer* and I'll thank thee *Jove.*
[*Exeunt* Mount. Dela. *and* Holland.

Turring. Had you not Patience as you have the
(Power
Of an offended Deity, this Language ſure had been
I watch'd, my Lord, your Eyes, (his laſt;
And ready for the Signal of Diſpatch,
Had laid his reaking Heart beneath your Feet.

Nevill. You are too merciful, too full of Good-
Such high Indignities call for Reſentments (neſs,
No leſs than Death; Pardon my Plainneſs Sir,
For here I prophecy unleſs you break
This Serpent's Egg before the Monſter's hatch'd,
'Twill bring Deſtruction on your ſelf and Friends.

Mort. I thank ye, and am happy in your Ser-
(vice;
The Babbler I deſpiſe, he ſhall be puniſh'd,
The Envy that his Canker'd Breaſt is big with,
By preying on it ſelf ſhall work his Ruin:
So Dogs behold the Luſtre of the Moon,
And ſo run yelping backward into Madneſs.

Nevill. The Queen.

Mort. Retire, meet me anon, and we'll conſult
(what's beſt.

Enter Queen Iſabella. *All retire but* Mortimer.

My Lovely Queen, my charming *Iſabella,*
The Empreſs of my Soul, and Balm of Life,

Ten

Ten thousand Cupids play within those Circles,
And dart the Rays of Love so quick and fast,
That all my Spirits leap to meet thy Glories.
Queen. I find my Soul so near resemble thine,
That when you speak, it hastes to catch thy Words;
So when some curious Artist strikes the Lute,
The Harmony excites the Astonish'd Sense,
And to the Face conveys the sudden Transport.
When thou dost offer up this Sacrifice;
Like *Cynthia* to her Lov'd *Endymion*,
I must descend and thus caress my Charmer.
Mort. To you alone I own my Second Being,
And can I pay my Life to other Use
Than the adoring of my saving Goddess?
Well I remember when *Carnarvon*, *Edward*,
By *Spencer's* Art lodg'd me within the Tower,
Where every minute boaded still my last,
'Midst of Despair; 'twas thou my better *Genius*
Contriv'd the Means to save thy Vassal's Life:
A sleepy mixture artfully convey'd
Into the Wine, the greedy Warders drank,
While, by a Friend that thou hadst made with Gold,
I pass'd the Guards, and fled the hated Place.
Queen. Could I do less than that for him I lov'd,
He who in Steel had fought my Battles o'er
'Gainst the false *Spencers*, and worse *Gaveston*;
He who all Danger in my Cause defy'd,
Was my best Friend against a Host of Foes:
Oh *Mortimer*, how happy had I been
If 'stead of *Edward* thou had'st been my Lord,
Then innocent and pure as Vestall flames
I'd come unspotted to thy wishing Arms,
And left no Stain upon my Memory.
Mort. Beauty like yours was ever absolute,
Crowns should not awe, nor should the Throne command,
But he that's bravest, best deserves the Blessing;

Was

Was *Edward* fit to reap such Joys as these?
Ungrateful *Edward* who receiv'd a Prize,
Heaven could not match in all its wondrous Store,
And for return, instead of Prayers and Incense
Slighted the Giver, and the glorious Present:
A Minion *Spencer* must supply the Place,
A *Ganemede*, a *Hylas*, senseless Prince,
The Gods Reprisal gave for the Contempt;
And for Reward of all my Cares and Toils,
Decreed this slighted Beauty should be mine.

Queen. You Men are skilful in the Trade of (Love,
You sound our Souls and catch our Weaknesses,
Apting your Words still to the Theam we're fond
And we believe 'em to our own undoing.

Mort. Whilst thus I press, I feel a kindly Heat
Glow in my Heart, urging to eager Bliss;
Sweets let me sip from these immortal Springs;
Youth we'll renew, and Humane Nature change,
Making the extasie a Paradise.

Queen. May'st thou for ever feel this pleasing Fire,
May Fears ne'er cool it, Time or Age decay it,
Desire for ever wait upon our Joys,
And may the last be ever thought the best.

Mort. What Brain-sick Priests do in their Rap-(tures tell
Of the *Elizium*, endless Happiness
Falls short of what each Minute I enjoy;
But oh my Care, our Paths of Love are strew'd
With Briers which thwart and cross us in our Plea-(sures:
Young *Mountacute*, with *Delamore* and *Holland*,
Those subtle Bellows which keep in his Fire,
And raise and calm it as their Work requires,
Must be remov'd; Their Interest is great,
Their Prudence strict, *Mountacute*'s Courage firm,
Their Fortunes able to maintain their Measures,
Which strikes for thy Son's Greatness and our (Ruin.

Queen,

Queen. The Boy is pliable to all my Wishes.
'Tis a half Soul, bred in the Lap of Love,
And Spiritless as the Desire which got him;
We'll think of them at leisure.

Mort. No more then, now.
Let us retire to our Delights, unutterable Joys.
Oh! why should Death for ever part such Lovers
Fate? When your Pleasure comes that we must (fall,
Let us together mount the *Etherial* Region:
But oh I fear my Soul's too poor for thine,
Queens have peculiar Stations sure Above;
I toss'd and shatter'd must remain below,
Ever imploring for my Heaven in view.

Queen. No, if the Powers despise my *Mortimer*,
Their Care of me alone's not worth my Thanks.
Single a Paradise I could not bear,
Heav'n would be Hell were *Mortimer* not there. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Scene *Opens and Discovers King* Edward *on a Couch, after some struggling Rises.*

King. WHere have I been, or what is't I have (seen?
'Tis said, the Soul, while the tyr'd (Body sleeps,
Her Mansion often leaves and roves Abroad,
Sometimes to Groves and Solitary Cells,
Sometimes to Courts, to Cities, and to Camps;
Mingling

Mingling with Crowds, then ſtrangely left alone:
But mine has fall'n down dreadful Precipices,
Walk'd in the Charnel-Houſes of the Dead:
My Father's Ghoſt ſtaulk'd thus before my Eyes,
Cry'd out Revenge, then ſhriek'd and diſappear'd,
With ſo much Haſte, as if it ſeem'd to dread
The Hand of Murder did purſue it ſtill;
Yet, as it fled, it forc'd the yielding Air,
To Eccho back, beware of *Mortimer.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Lord *Mountacute*, Sir *Robert Holland*, with (Sir *Thomas Delamore*,
Wait for Admittance to your Majeſty.

King. They're welcome, bring 'em in;
[*Exit Meſſenger.*
Then Headleſs *Kent*, my once beloved Uncle,
Led on a Train of miſerable Shades,
Who ſeem'd bewailing their untimely Deaths:
With up-lift Hands they begg'd as for Relief,
And in ſad Poſtures told their ſeveral Fates:
Then *Mortimer* led in my wicked Mother,
Who ſnatch'd the Crown from me and gave it him,
At which the numerous Crowds of Ghoſts look'd (paler,
Their mangled Limbs broke out afreſh with Blood,
And the ſurprizing Horror ſhook off Sleep;
What is it, oh ye Powers, that ye decree?
Am I deſign'd to fall a Sacrifice
To the ambitious Luſt of this fell Monſter?
If Dreams preſage, or Viſions can forebode,
The Fate of *Edward*, *Edward* muſt ſucceed,
If ſo you've fix'd it, yet I'll face this Storm,
Stand like a King 'gainſt my rebellious Doom;
And periſh worthy of my Dignity.

Enter

Enter Lord Mountacute, *Sir* Thomas Delamore, *and Sir* Robert Holland.

All. Health to your Majesty.

King. The like to all of you, ye are good Men;
My worthy Uncle *Edmond*, when alive,
Bad me select and value ye as Jewels,
When Dying, as a Legacy, bequeath'd
Your Faiths and Service;
I am too young to know the Arts of Men,
But by my Hopes I think ye mighty honest.

L. *Moun.* Our Happiness lies only in that (Thought:

King. Tell me my Friends, and with that honest
As suits the Character I have of you: (Plainness
Why is it that with folded Arms of late,
And heavy Eyes which speak distemper'd Minds,
Ye measure out your Steps?
Seeming like Statues more than Counsellors,
As Mourners wait upon the dead Remains
Of some lov'd Friend to his eternal Home.

Sir *Tho. Del.* Most Royal Prince, my honour'd (Leige and Master.

King. Honour'd! my Liege! my Prince! and
How like this sounds to *Mortimer*; (Royal Master!
I find he's grown the *President* o'th' Court,
The Star by which each Courtier guides his Hopes.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Rather a *Meteor* or some *Exhalation*
Rais'd by the sulphurous Vapours of the Earth,
Which borrowing of a Blaze from real Lights
Attracts the Eyes of Fools to gaze on it.

King. No more on your Allegiance, to the Point:

L. *Moun.* You have touch'd us home, Sir, now, (and we obey,
The Secrets of our Hearts shall be unlock'd,
Where you may read yours and the Nation's Doom;
It is the Man you've named which rides our Spirits.

Oh

Oh my lov'd Lord!
Why is this Viper harbour'd in your Boſom,
Which gnaws inſenſibly upon your Honour?
Why pamper'd with the Worſhip of Mens Knees?
You are our King, rouſe ſleeping Majeſty,
Awake and view the Souls which wait your Riſing,
To pay their long kept Homage where 'tis due.

Sir *Tho. Del.* Where now is Right? To whom (ſhall we appeal?
The Queen has plac'd her Power on *Mortimer*:
Whilſt the Laws edge is Ground but on one ſide,
Nor that employ'd unleſs to lop your Friends:
The Man who dare reflect on his Proceedings,
Or pity but the Circumſtances of *Edward*,
Is ſtreight beſet and ſworn into ſome Plot:
His Life or Fortune's ſeiz'd, it may be both
Juries and Witneſſes are kept in Pay,
Who have agreed his Ruin e're he's heard.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Thus your good Subjects daily are (oppreſs'd,
Who periſh by Conſent of Perjury.

Sir *Tho. Del.* Thus whilſt theſe vile Poſſeſſors (wrack the Land,
Your Worth decays and Glory runs to Ruin:
It can't laſt long they think, ſo make the moſt on't,
Aſſume your Right, or we muſt all ſubmit,
Our Country like Eſtates held in Diſpute,
Fertile in Woods and Parks the Pride of Wealth.
If he that's in Poſſeſſion thinks it ſhort,
He cuts down all the Pomp of's Anceſtors,
Which many Years their Diligence improv'd
So worthy Men the Prop of future Hopes,
By this Uſurper *Mortimer* are lopp'd,
Their Fortunes torn by th' Roots from long Suc- (ceſſion;
And ſcatter'd to maintain Voluptuouſneſs.

King. Is't poſſible! I always thought him ill,
But you Decypher him a very Devil;
Filling my Thoughts with Horror of his Crime.

Sir *Tho. Del.* Each Magiſtrate which ſhould ad-
(miniſter
Juſtice impartial; why all are made by him,
Which ruin others to preſerve themſelves;
The Clergy and the Law are both his Creatures,
The Biſhop Chancellor, takes Care of that;
Places of Truſt and Profit are all ſold:
'Tis practis'd from the Mitr'd holy Head
To th' Needy, Starving Verger of the Church:
You can't ſerve Heav'n on Cuſhions but you pay for't,
Or bliſter your numb'd Knees upon the Marble;
Then from the Scarlet and the Purple Gown,
Down to the very Cryer of the Court.

L. *Moun.* Well may the Nation groan while
(ſuch as theſe
Sit at the Helm, and what expect but Shipwarck.

King. Now by my Honour I'll no longer bear
The ignominious Hand of a Controul;
I find my ſelf enlarg'd, each Artery
Beats double Time, as if my Spirits ſtrove
To be in Action; my Father's Soul
Shoots in my Blood, and prompts to Reſolution:
Thus I caſt from me
The Name of Duty and the Tye of Son,
Since thou art dead to Shame, be ſo to me.

Sir *Tho. Del.* Ay, now my Lord, you ſpeak
(your ſelf a King:
Do but appear with that Authority,
The Praiſe of *Edward* every Tongue will ſing,
While raviſh'd Heav'n does Echo back the Sound;
You can't want Hands for ſuch a noble Work,
A Cauſe like yours would ſummon the Juſt Gods
With all their Thunder to the Royal Aid:
Oh let me kiſs your ſacred Feet, dear Prince;
Theſe Words have added Years to my ſick Life.
[*Kneels.*

King. He weeps, indeed the honeſt Man
Does weep; raiſe *Delamore*, for I will be my ſelf,

And

And this Uſurper *March* ſhall down to Hell,
All ſpare the Tree whoſe Branches ſerve as Shade,
'Till the ſpread Miſchiefs kill the under Plants,
Then every Man aſſiſts to fell it down;
So this *Coloſſus* of the *Engliſh* Iſle,
Under whoſe Legs the talleſt Ships muſt paſs,
E're they gain Harbour ſhall to Seas be hurl'd,
And in their Bottom find a Monument:
My Dream comes on a-pace, and I foretel
This Meeting ominous to *March*, for it portends;
The Wardſhip of the Queen, and he expires,
He ſeeks my Life, and Crown: Ah! Is't not ſo?

Sir *Tho. Del.* Right, Sir, that muſt be ſurely the (Deſign
By his Removing you to his Reſidence:
Why was not *Salisbury* as good a Place?
Oh! there you liv'd ſurrounded by the Peers
And Loyal Commons, 'twas a Place too ſafe.

L. *Mount.* Poſſibly he did it, Sir, to ſhew the (State
Your Royal Mother keeps---But then
Why was not his fair Caſtle made your Palace?
No, your Eyes would pierce too deep in his Deſign,
For there he lives in Grandeur,
In Masks and Revels every Night he reigns
While all's barr'd up as if he fear'd a Spy.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* You now are open to each Traytor's (Shaft,
And in the very mid'ſt I dare avouch it,
Of thoſe who long to taſte your Royal Life.

King. Thanks my good Angel, thou haſt turn'd (my Fears,
The Chilneſs of my Blood now Ebbs a-pace,
My ſhivering Nerves ſhake their Convulſion off,
And ye have rous'd the youthful Lyon up:
Oh that I had the Hearts of theſe Blood-hunters,
This pious Chancellor and treacherous *March*;
Like young *Alcides* would I gripe the Snakes;
My worthy Friends be ſtill about my Perſon,
Send inſtantly to *Berkly*, *Salisbury*, [*Exit* Holland.
Leiceſter and *Mordant*: You withdraw with me;

Buſineſs

Buſineſs I have requires your beſt Advice,
For like the Marriner I ſee from far
A Storm is gathering in the diſtant Sky;
But with theſe Veſſels I can fear no Sea,
The utmoſt Rigour of the Clouds I'll ſtand
Safe as the Souls which pity us from Land.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The* Chancellor's *Apartment.*

Enter Sly, *and* Secret Aſſurance *with Papers in their Hands; then the Mace and Purſe, the* Chancellor. *On each Side of him Judges who Complement him, and then take their Leave: Then the* Chancellor *ſits in a Chairs of State, while the* Lawyers *preſent him with New-Years Gifts.*

1ſt. *Law.* I beg your Lordſhip would accept of (this poor Offering,
I have had but a bad Term; as the Times mend
My Acknowledgments ſhall grow greater.

[*Exit* Law.

Chan. Three broad Pieces. (*Counts the Money.*)
This Fellow will come to nothing, I remember him an Attorney, you know him *Secret.*

Sec. Yes, and pleaſe you, he was once of the Houſe of which I'm Preſident, he always ſhun'd coming into Commons, and us'd to Dine at a Three-penny Celler, always went to Bed by Day-light, ſtole Paper and Pens, and begg'd Ink, he had but one Band which he waſh'd himſelf at the Pump, and then dry'd it by the Hall Fire.

2d. *Law.* If your Lordſhip be at Leiſure——

[*Gives him Money.*

Chan. Councellor Dunderpate, I am glad to ſee you; I hope your Family is well.

2d. *Law.*

2d. *Law.* At your Lordſhip's Service.

Chan. You're a ſenſible Man, 10 *Pieces* ---- well I never forget my Friends.

2d. *Law.* There is a Cauſe will come before your Lordſhip between *Pluckat* and *Holdfaſt* ----- Now I am for the Defendant----*Holdfaſt* and the Caſe is thus. -----

Chan. Why, you Raſcal, are you going to corrupt me with Prepoſſeſſion of the Cauſe e're I've heard. ----

2d. *Law.* With your Lordſhip's Permiſſion. ---

Chan. Sirrah, I will have nothing to do with it till it lies before me: Why you Jackanapes, becauſe I indulge your Preſents, d'you think I take 'em as Bribes, --- ha!

2d. *Law.* I beg your Lordſhip's Pardon, thus I confeſs my Error. [*Gives more Money.*

Chan. This makes ſome Attonement; but d'hear, if ever I catch you at the like, as opening the Merits of the Cauſe in private again----I'll make you ſuch an Example, that that ------ *Sly*, take Councellor *Dunderpate* into the Buttery, and give him a Bottle of Sack.

2d. *Law.* Your Lordſhip's devoted Slave.

[*Ex.* Sly *and* Dun.

Several Law. If it pleaſe your gracious Lordſhip.

Chan. Why, lay down what you have, I cannot look over it now.

They lay down their Preſents, he ſmiles on ſome, nods upon others, more or leſs; as he likes their Gifts, they go off.

Enter Serjeant Eitherſide.

Chan. Serjeant *Eitherſide*, how do you? I hope your Brother-in-law Serjeant *Huddle-Cauſe* is well: I am glad to ſee you, you are my old Friend and Acquaintance,

Acquaintance, (let me ſee) above twenty Years ſtanding: Ha, is it not not ſo?

Serj. Your Lordſhip hits the Mark of Time exactly; and I proteſt the Honour you have done me requires Acknowledgment beyond the Talent I am endow'd withal; let me therefore, avoiding Prolixity, profoundly celebrate your Lordſhip's Praiſes, and acquaint the World, the Favours you have plac'd on me, your Creature, exalts me to the Pinacle of Ambition, and as an incumbent Duty obliges me to conſecrate my ſelf and Poſterity to your Lordſhip's Pleaſure: Give me Admittance therefore moſt humbly to pay this Tribute of Duty, and with it the Orizons of many happy Years.

Chan. The Man ſpeaks well [*weighs the Purſe.*] there's Weight in his Words; a great Sign of an able Pleader--- How does your Neice?

Serj. My Lord?

Chan. How does your Niece, I ſay, what art thou deaf?

Serj. She's well, my gracious Lord, and happy that your Emminence takes notice of her.

Chan. I never ſaw her, but am told ſhe's a notable Baggage, a tite Laſs and a pretty one.

Secret. Fetch her whilſt his Blood's warm, I ſee it glow through his Praiſes.

[*Exit Serjeant* Eitherſide.

Enter more who give Money.

Chan. Lay it down, I ſay, why I won't forget ye. [*They all bow mighty low and retire.* If this Trade were to laſt the Year round, I ſhould have a fine Time on't, Gold in abundance, without which (as *Anthony* ſaid) the World's not worth my Care: 'tis great Pity the Firſt of *January* comes but once in a Twelve-month. Every one of theſe crouching, fawning, ſniveling Sons of Perdition expect

expect I ſhould do Wonders for 'em, but I know none of 'em; as I lock up their Preſents, I bury their Memories :----nor can I recollect 'em under freſh ones----*Secret.* I am but a Man, yet am glad to do good in my Function when the Perſons are truly ſenſible.

Secret. 'Tis a great Goodneſs in you then.

Chan. Why there's that old Spawn of the Serpent, *Eitherſide*, a Fellow of rare Parts, eminent Practice; I have known him undo twenty People, and they never the wiſer---a very wicked Fellow ----but then on the other hand, his Repentance is always ſo hearty, ſo ſubſtantial and feeling, that my Nature is overcome with his Penitence, and I can no more chide him, than I can refuſe his Oblation.

Secret. Such Men are wanting to fill the Bench withal, and I hope he may ſtand fair in your Lordſhip's Opinion in the next Remove, he'd perform his Part rarely, he is no charitable, conſciencious, timerous Fellow, but a thorough-pac'd Lawer, and mighty hearty in the Cauſe----

Chan. Say'ſt thou ſo Man, and by my Troth it was well thought on; if theſe peuking Velvet-hearted wary Knaves, that pretend to Scruples, and ſeem averſe to comply with the Queen's Deſires, hang an Arſe any longer, they ſhall make room for more deſerving Perſons----I do admire they can have ſo little Grace as to receive a plentiful Salary, and make no Return for it.

Secret. I'll pawn my Soul for him---- his Temper may be moulded to what Uſe Occaſion ſhall require; beſides, his Wants will prompt him to comply, his Gains are not ſufficient to maintain his Family as his Wife would have it, for ſhe loves to go fine, as moſt of 'em do; and for a new Gown, would make him give away the juſteſt Cauſe in

the

the World; his Eſtate too is Mortgag'd paſt Recovery, to maintain her Pride.

Chan. But his Neice, *Secret*, his Neice.

Secret. Oh ſhe is the prettieſt Creature my Eyes e'er looked on, ſuch a Compoſition of Fleſh and Blood, ſo witty, ſo modeſt, ſo alluring---

Chan. And ſuch a Servant I want, for I am grown of late ſo melancholy, I am not what I was--- we are all Fleſh and Blood, *Secret*, if ſhe is of a coming Nature ſhe is made for ever; I grow aged, this turmoyling in the Government, what with my Affairs of the State, and buſtling on the Bench, bandying about Equity, and one thing or other, wearies me out ſtrangely---- I want, like the Heathen Monarchs, my *Seraglio*, to refreſh me after the Buſineſs of the Day, but I muſt keep that to my ſelf.--- And is ſhe tractable?

Secret. Eaſy as Innocence it ſelf; he's gone to fetch her.

Chan. Say'ſt thou?

Secret. He's gone to fetch her.

Chan. Hither?

Secret. Hither to your Lordſhip.

Chan. He ſhall be a Judge, let him bring her inſtantly; I am much refreſh'd with the Thoughts that I can ſerve the Nation and my ſelf ſo luckily---- Go and bid the Serjeant prepare for his Advancement.

Sly. I ſhall, my Lord. [*Exit* Sly.

Secret. Will it pleaſe your Lordſhip to peruſe theſe Papers?

Chan. No, Sir, I deſign to peruſe ſomething elſe, I thank you, I will not have my Imagination diſturb'd, nor my Fancy pall'd; tell me of Papers when I'm to give my Judgment upon Fleſh and Blood: What, do you take me for nothing but Hurry-durry all my Life-long: Thou thinkeſt my Brains are taken up like thine, who's to be fined

next:

next: No, thou Half-skin of Parchment, I hate the Sin of being Covetous, tho' I love Gold extremely, not altogether in regard as it is Money, but becauſe Phyſicians have told me 'tis a great Reſtorative, you Varlet.

Secret. I beg your Lordſhip's Pardon.

Chan. Pardon, Why, you Jack-Call to the Law, didſt think I was angry, angry on a New-years Day, angry when Riches and Love is towards me? No, no--- but heark you Sirrah,

Secret. What is your Pleaſure?

Chan. That ſhall be nameleſs----- Sirrah, was ever ſuch a Queſtion ask'd a Man in my Office? why, you ſancy impertinent---

Enter Sly.

Ha! is ſhe coming, Rogue, ſay you? You little ſucking Devil, by the Maſs I'm ſtrangely alter'd within this Half-hour--- Look you, I am not angry, *Secret*, as I ſaid before---But is ſhe ſuch a pretty ſweet dapper Piece of Beauty? I will make thee a great Man ſhortly, by the Maſs.

Sly. My Lord, ſhe's whatſoever you can fancy; nor can you ſtretch your Thoughts into Imagination, but ſhe exceeds it in Subſtance, her Uncle overjoy'd at the good Office brings her himſelf.

Chan. He ſhall be a Judge---- ſhall---- he is already.

Sly. See, they are here, my Lord.

Enter Serjeant Eitherſide *and his Neice* Maria.

Chan. Leave us. [*Exit* Secret *and* Sly.

A glorious Woman: how her Eyes ſparkle, and how the Blood juts in and out upon her Cheeks, as if it hop'd ſome Good were coming toward her---come, ſweet one. [*Kiſſes.*

Her

Her Lips are made of Velvet, ſmooth, ſoft, and plyable; I'll Lip her and Eye her, and every thing her.--- *Serjeant*, as I told you before, I have a great Kindneſs for you, and hearing that you had a Neice of worthy Education, whoſe Merits ſpoke her Praiſe, (oh you little Baggage) I can do no leſs, having your Preferment in my Eye, than while I was doing Good for you in ſome meaſure, to advance your Neices Fortune, my Houſe wants ſuch a ſober, diſcreet young Woman to manage it, and by the way I muſt call you my Lord.

Serj. Oh Sir!

Chan. Indeed I muſt---- the Queen, upon my Requeſt, doth conferr the Office of Judge on you, as you deſerve; that for ought I know, you may be, in a little time, Chief-Juſtice.------- This I have done, my Friend, to ſerve you: But to the Matter, what ſay you Mr. *Serjeant* (my Lord, I beg your Pardon) are you willing to put your Neice under my Care and Protection? ha!

Serj. My Lord, you ſo highly oblige me, I am ſtruck ſilent with the Manner of it---- a Judge, Chief-Juſtice, I am confounded with the Honour. ----My Lord, the Maid is whatever you pleaſe to make her.

Chan. Then I'll make a Woman of her ſpeedily. What ſay you, pretty Lady, are you free to take the Trouble upon you? I am a weak Man, and have but few Relations---- If I do well, I will make your Fortunes; If I die, you ſhall have no Cauſe to repent.

Mari. Would thou wert dead already; muſt I then be the Sacrifice to my Uncle's Ambition? be ſteady, Virtue, and aſſiſt me Heaven, tho' poor, I'll not be baſe.---- Oh *Mountacute.*

Chan. What ſay you Fair-one?

Mari. In any honeſt way I ſhould be proud to ſerve your Lordſhip, and obey my Uncle.

Chan. Pretty Innocence, I am but Twenty----- not ſo much I believe; I know not what I am.

Serj. He may in time make her his Heir, at leaſt her Fortune's made, and I am freed of a Burden.--- My worthy Lord, her Mind and mine are all one, ſhe is the Creature of your Pleaſure, and will take any Impreſſion your Lordſhip ſhall ſtamp on her. (a Judge---) Wife be of Comfort, thy Chariot ſhall be turn'd into a Coach; thy Pew at Church be ſtripp'd of Baiſe, and lin'd with Velvet; and thou ſhalt take Place of my Lady *Mayoreſs*, Neice; you were born under a happy Planet, Fortune throws her ſelf into your Lap, make uſe on't while 'tis offer'd. A Lord--- oh lack-a day, I can't contain my Extaſie.

Chan. Have you conſider'd, Little-one of the Offer? You ſhall command in chief, and be eſteemed as if my Siſter:
No Harm ſhall come to you.

Mari. I hope not.

Chan. Fear it not.

Mar. I truſt in your Honour, your Robe's too worthy ſure to harbour Ill.

Serj. Neice, you muſt not talk ſo impertinently: Incline your Mind and Body as his Chancellorſhip and Holineſs ſhall think fit.

Mar. Hold there, good Uncle.

Chan. I am mightily o'er-joy'd it ſhould fall out ſo pat that I can ſerve my old Friend: 'Tis an Angelical Jade, and I grow very warm; well, Child, I will take care of you. My Lord, within two Days your Patent ſhall be ready; I would diſcourſe a little with your Neice in Private----- I proteſt things fall out ſo lucky.

Serj. I'll leave her with your Lordſhip.

Chan. Pray call me Brother-Lord, we are both Judges now, and Lords alike.

Serj. Then Brother-Lord--- oh pretty---I'll leave her with your Lordſhip.

Chan.

Chan. Do, do.

Mar. How, will you leave me alone with a Man, Uncle?

Serj. Peace, Baggage---Uncle---I'm a Judge.

Chan. Why, are you afraid of an old Man?

Serj. I'll make the Knaves that brought the Extent againſt me ſmoak---a Judge!---I'll feague the Rogues---Brother, I am your Lordſhip's moſt humble and eternally engaged Servant and Judge.

Chan. Oh my Lord Judge your Friend.

[*Goes to the Door with the Serjeant and locks it.*

Mar. Ha! What now? I find here will be Sport,
But *Mountacute*, I will not wrong my Love to thee,
I kept it pure unſully'd hitherto,
And will, ſpight of this mighty Man,
And mightier Villain Uncle.

Chan. My Dear Child, I ſhall reſpect thy Uncle infinitely for thy ſake, thou haſt the enticing'ſt Look with thee----I muſt peep in thy Face, and admire thy Features-- nay, be not baſhful, I am thy Friend, thy Governor, and thou art become my particular Care.

Mar. Nay, fye my Lord.

Chan. By the Maſs, I have a greater Kindneſs for thee than I can expreſs; why, you little Cherubim, what a pair of pretty, ſwelling, powting Bubbies haſt thou got, they play in and out as they were at bo-peep. I muſt initiate 'em into my Favour.

Mar. Nay, my Lord, for Shame.

Chan. Sweeter than *Jeſſamin* or *Honey-Suckles*; ſhe has call'd my Heart up to my Lips, but I'll make her draw it down to its Place: Come, Child. [*He pulls her.*

Mar. Nay, pray my Lord, do no Violence;

Chan. Why, you Baggage, if to look Babies in your Eyes, to play with thoſe Lilly white Snow-

Balls, and to ſmother thee with Kiſſes, be to uſe Violence, I cannot forbear it.

Mar. Does this become your Coat, my Lord?

Chan. No matter for my Coat, Child, it agrees with my Body; nay, I muſt plunder.

Mar. Help, help, within there.

Chan. Huſh, Huſwife, here, here's Gold for thee, thou ſhalt have more than thou canſt carry.

Mar. I never can deſerve this Bounty, nor can I gueſs why 'tis you bribe your Servant thus, indeed you make me bluſh.

Chan. There ſhe has me again, ſuch another Glance and I am a dead Man: Fye, fye, a Bribe, a Paw-word: Why, I have given thee my Heart already, and going to put my Body into thy Poſſeſſion.

Mar. For Heaven's ſake are you Pious?

Chan. I am not Pious, nay, hang not back, for I will rifle thy Sweets, and bury my ſelf in thy Boſom, I will, I will.

Mar. Help, Murder, Uncle, what ſhall I do?

Mort. within. My Lord, Lord Chancellor, ha! are you at it?

Enter Sly.

Sly. Sir, Sir, My Lord, the Earl of *March* is coming.

Chan. Let him go to the Devil, could he find no other Time but now, I never diſturb'd him at his Recreations.

Sly. What ſhall I ſay, my Lord?

Chan. Say any thing, and be damn'd: Why, you Raſcal, you a Lawyer, and to ſeek for a Lye.

Mort. within. When Prieſt, when come you?

Mar. This is lucky.

Chan. I muſt to him, the Devil fetch him; go, go,

go, into that Room, I'll be with you preſently; nay, go, all ſhall be well, and I'll be civil.

[*Puts her off, and locks her in.*

You Dog, could you not deny me; had you no ſooner done the Office of bringing us together, but you muſt break off the Bargain before we had Sign'd and Seal'd.

Sly. 'Tis ſome earneſt Buſineſs in the Law, he ſays.

Mort. within. Why Chancellor.

Chan. Well, well, I am coming,
And when I have diſpatch'd him, I'll withdraw,
And read another Leſſon than the Law.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Caſtle.*

Enter Turrington *and* Nevill.

Tur. AFfairs ſeem veering, and the Fane of *Edward*
Which hitherto has pointed to our Wiſhes,
Is turn'd againſt us; Out of what Corner
Comes this Blaſt of Change? 'Tis ſudden,
All are as huſh as Murd'rers when eſcaping.
Privacy, the Waiting-woman's Virtue, is in Uſe,
And the young Prince has left his darling Sports
For cloſer Studies. (juſt now

Nevill. 'Tis odd, and we muſt arm againſt it,
I would have paſs'd the Anti-Chamber,
And a ſtarch'd Fellow grimly ſtop'd my Paſſage;
I ask'd the Knave, by whoſe Authority
He barr'd my Entrance, he replied moroſly

'Twas by my Betters, and he would obey 'em.
Then I demanded, if the Raſcal knew me?
Tur. What ſaid he then?
Nevill. He anſwer'd, Better than I knew my ſelf;
Bid me return. there was no Room for Scouts.
The ill-bred Dog had ſtood corrected,
Had not old *Leiceſter*, *Berkley*, *Salisbury*,
With buſy Faces, come into the Room; (for.
To theſe he turn'd the Key, ſaid they were ſtay'd
Tur. Theſe froward Peers envy our Maſter's (Fortune,
Some of 'em have been faulty 'gainſt the Queen,
For which they were forbid her Royal Preſence,
And with a Surlineſs withdrew from Court:
What brings 'em hither now is worth Enquiry,
Unſent for I am ſure they did not come:
For *March* and they, like jarring Elements
Have conſtant Enmity, and muſt keep diſtance:
But ſee he comes, with him the Chancellor,
He glows, the Prelate made him wait,
And we ſhall hear how he reſents his State.
[*Exit.*

Enter Mortimer *and* Chancellor.

Mort. Muſt I attend your Leiſure, wait your (Hour,
And herd among your Slaves, thou clod of Earth,
Whom I have work'd and moulded up to Form,
And breath'd a Soul into?
Chan. Why, my Lord, my Lord,
Mort. Thou haſt forgotten thy Original;
When Penſive in a poor thatch'd homely Cell,
Lonely and deſtitute as Want could make thee;
No Wine nor Fleſh to nurſe a looſe Deſire;
Thy Luſt was more to Food than Woman then,
The Sun's hot Seaſon ſcarce could taint thy Blood,
Or if it did, thou crep'ſt to thy Turf-bed,
Which

Which quickly damp'd the Carnal Exhalation.

Chan. What will become of me? (Loaf,

Mort. How would'ſt thou bleſs the Founder of a
So needy, thou would'ſt plunge the deep mir'd
To hold the Stirrup of a Paſſenger, (Road,
While with expecting Eyes thou watch'd his Hand,
And with a face of Sorrow begg'd Relief.

Chan. Do but hear me. (hence,

Mort. Pitying thy abject State, I took thee
Cloath'd, fed and rais'd thy drooping Spirits up,
Plac'd thee where thou grew'ſt fat with ſaying
(Prayers,
But quickly found that Virtue was thy Burden,
Thy Piety grew faint with Nouriſhment,
Thy Carcaſe was the Hoard of Luxury,
Where each Variety came tumbling in;
The Profits of the Church thou ſtill would'ſt glean,
But never did a Moment's Duty for it;
Pick'd up a Mendicant of thy old Trade,
He was ſufficient for the Work of Heaven:
Your Clergy's grown ſo lazy with their Wealth,
'Tis Drudgery if they Preach 'bove once a Year;
And if you're choſe in *Lent* you call it thraſhing,
Becauſe you think there's nothing to be got;
Like Sheriffs then, you had rather fine than ſtand.

Chan. Your Lordſhip is pleas'd to be ſomewhat free with the Church, if it knew you ſo ſharp an Obſerver, the Members of it would contribute towards your Removal.

Mort. I rais'd thee, I preferr'd thee,
And as thou didſt improve in ſerving me
From all the vile Neceſſities I've mention'd,
Advanc'd thee to the higheſt Place of Truſt,
Exalted thee from the meager Dregs of Man,
To be a ſaucy, proud, lacivious Prelate.

Chan. Nay, my Lord, I muſt confeſs you have done me many ſignal Favours, but I beſeech you, however you load my Perſon, have a regard to my

Function; Lacivious!--- revile me at your Pleasure, but forbear scandalizing the Gown; you may talk of what you please, and my Gleaning the Profits of the Church, but what can be Glean'd out of him that Fasts four Days a Week, and when he does Eat, takes no more then what will Just keep Life and Soul together?

Mort. 'Tis false:
You pamper your vorations Appetites,
Indulge Prædominance to that degree,
You exceed the very *Sultan* of the East;
But with this Difference, he at vast Expence
Keeps his *Seraglio*; you have all in Common,
Under the holy Covert of Confession:
You shrowd the Priest and sanctify the Whore;
Did I not bolt upon your rank Devotion,
And caught you acting *Tarquin* on *Lucretia*.

Chan. I cou'd give him a rub of Majesty, if I durst. [*Aside.*
What a censorious Age do we live in, that a Man of my Cloathing cannot press a Case of Conscience home to a Gentlewoman, but it must look like Force? But suppose I was doing what your Lordship said: say, suppose, why all Flesh is frail---- because we ought to be above Temptation; D'you think it possible to be so? We that are given to Fasting, eat Fish, and Fish is of a provoking Digestion, and make the worst of what you were saying, 'twas but venial.

As the *Casuists* says,---- I confess to Ravish is a heinous Crime in the Sex that puts us to't, but if it raises their Affections the more, then it may be palliated; but as for simple Fornication, there's not a Novice in any University or College in *Europe* but is allow'd it, provided it be used as the Canon expresses---- Medicinally, and for Health's sake.

Mort.

Mort. Leave guilding Vices with the Cant of (Virtue,
The Time calls on for Buſineſs; for the Offence
You have committed merit the Forgiveneſs.
Read that, and as you love your Safety ſee it done.
[*Gives a Paper.*

The Chancellor *mumbles as reading the Paper, Eyes* Mortimer, *at laſt ſpeaks the ſuppos'd End.*

Chan. ------By formal Proceſs.
Let *Mountacute* be ſpeedily diſpatch'd ſay you?---- is it thereabouts? I perceive who has nettled him, and I muſt ſmart for't---but I have a Fetch------ Diſpatch'd! ha, diſpatch'd!

Mort. Why do you heſitate? I ſay diſpatch'd, Are you ſo ſqueamiſh you can't diſgeſt the Term?

Chan. No, my Lord, not I, but you ferrit me out of the few Senſes I have---- diſpatch'd!---- murder'd!--- 'tis not my Profeſſion---- I will not turn Cut-throat for any Man's Pleaſure, if the lodging him in a Goal for his Life will ſerve, ſo, if not---

Mort. Away Trifler.

Chan, I am confounded; why, you have no ſooner done Chiding me for a little humane Failty, but you hurry me on to a Crime with a Vengeance.

Mort: Do you make Scruples? Let me but hear another Syllable that contradicts what I've decreed, and thou art loſt for ever--- I will diveſt thee of thy Pageant Greatneſs, expoſe thee as a Sacrifice to th' Rabble, and how they'll uſe thee thy Conſcience beſt can tell.

Chan. The Devil's in him, I muſt ſubmit, I have run my ſelf, like Thieves, ſo far into ill Company, that now I would reform, my Aſſociates won't let me: My Lord, I beſeech you be not

angry: I did this only to ſound the depth of your Lordſhips intentions, and ſince you are reſolv'd, he ſhall be diſpatch'd--- I have light on the rareſt fellow, one that will go thorough ſtich in the Law, he muſt be a Judge.

Mort. Who is it?

Chan. Why Serjeant *Either-ſide.*

Mort. That's a dull wretch;

Chan. N'ere the worſe for a Judge, they ſleep half their Lives out---but he has a vaſt aſſurance and tho' he cannot ſpeak much to the purpoſe, he has rare lungs, and will let no Man be heard but himſelf.

Mort. Well, work him, and make him what you will.

Chan. I was born to ſerve your Honour, I will retrieve your Favour, tho' it be by turning executioner my ſelf, and for this fellow, he'll prove the miracle of the Bench as to your uſe, and will truſs up your enemies with as little regret as a Farmer does the Moles which moleſt his Ground---it ſhall be done my Lord. [*Exit*

Mort. This fellow came from *Proteus*, the *Camelion* changes not faſter.

Enter Turrington *and* Nevill.

How now, your buſineſs. (guard,

Turr. 'Tis of importance, ſtand upon your
For *Berkly*, *Salisbury*, and many others
Who not long ſince were baniſh'd from the Court,
Are now with *Edward*, cloſe Lock'd up with him.

Mort. Ha!

Nev. By Heav'ens 'tis true, we ſaw 'em enter:
We would have follow'd 'em, but were deny'd,
Nay order'd to retire--- and the out-Courts
Are fill'd with rough hew'd ſlaves who guard the Lords.

Mort.

Mort. Withdraw to my Apartment, I'll come
(preſently;
[*Ex.* Tur. Ney.
How's this, ſo cunning Boy, Damnation:
Salisbury, *Berkly* and *Exeter*, I warrant too are there:
Are you upon the Catch my Polititians?
That *Exeter's* the Devil for a Stateſman, and
Muſt be the Guide o'th Council too or nothing:
The ſubtile Fiend has left and ſought more parties
Than all the Cabinet Pack ſhuffl'd together.
He was for us but faulter'd when he found
My Intereſt greater in the Queen than his;
He had rather be the foreman of a Jury
Than ſecond in the Council of four Hundred:
Why *Salisbury* and he were ever Foes.
Conſtantly jealous of each others greatneſs,
And tho' they both have lik'd each others mea-
(ſures
Still Contradiction was their practis'd ſpight.
But in this Cauſe 'tis probable they'll Joyn,
And to ſecure it give their ſpleen Ceſſation:
What's to be thought on?

Enter Queen.

Queen. What always muſing, ever melancholly,
Beware of the infection none ſo wretched
As thoſe whom Jealouſy and Doubts poſſeſs.
Mort. But Madam mine's a ſubject calls for
(thought,
No vain Chymæra but a juſt occaſion,
Nevill and *Turrington* have brought advice,
And I am ſorry I muſt tell it you;
Thoſe ſaucy Peers who villify'd your Crown
Not ſparing Cenſure of your private Actions,
Are giving vile Inſtructions to your Son;
Learning the Plyant Youth how he may ſhake
The Fetters of Obedience off betimes,

While

While eagerly he liſtens to the Charm,
And ſmiles to hear himſelf ſaluted King.
Queen. Is't poſſible?
Mort. Be you the Judge, for you it moſt concerns,
Since *Delamore* has whiſtled to this Sterlin,
All his Apartments have been cloſely kept,
New Waiters plac'd, thoſe you put in diſcharg'd;
Leſt they might do their duty and inform:
Tell me (my Royal Miſtreſs) can you bear
The hand of Limitation or Controll?
Can you with eaſe reſign the Glorious Throne
Into the hands of *Salisbury* and *Leiceſter*?
Queen. Diſtractions in the Thought---
Mort. Can ſhe Obey who always did Command?
Can ſhe Retire who ever liv'd in Splendour?
Nay thought the World too ſcanty for her Greatneſs,
Accept a private Penſion, ſmall Attendance,
And live by him whoſe Soul from hers took Being,
Whilſt I muſt to their long grown malice bow,
Which their believing Life muſt be a plague,
Will give it me on Scandalous Conditions;
Nay bluſh not Madam, this muſt all be done,
And more, when theſe be *Edwards* Governours:
Queen. That ne're ſhall be, and *Iſabella* Living:
Be thou as once when *Spencer Gaveſton*
The Minions of my Husband did attempt,
To Curb my Will and I defy 'em all,
No *March*, if I for Love could give him death,
Think'ſt thou this Feeble ſpawn his ſlender off-ſpring
(Bred when I wiſh'd a Barrenneſs, upon me
So irkſome and inſipid was the Pleaſure)
That he ſhall baulk the meaſures of my Soul.
Mort. She fires: (my Son,
Queen. Can the froward Chit believe, becauſe
I'd ſtill him with a play thing call'd my Crown,
And live my ſelf on Curteſy of State:
The Fragments of the Grandure I had left
Periſh ten Sons e're ſuch a fit poſſeſs me.

Mort.

Mort. There ſpoke a Queen; this is true Majeſty,
Appear and like the Planet of the day, (Luſtre.
Diſperſe theſe ſullen Foggs which Cloud your
Since *Delamore* and *Holland*, *Exeter* and the reſt
Have Soar'd like *Icarus* beyond their bounds,
Their waxen wings ſhall melt in thy Bright Beams,
Finding i'th floods Reward for their Ambition.

Queen. They fall my *Mortimer*, they ſink for (ever,
I'll viſit ſtrait the cloſe Conſpirators,
Who think themſelves ſo huſh'd in their deſigns;
As for this Rebell-Son he's a Diſeaſe,
And I will purge the venom from my Blood,
As if a Leproſy had compaſs'd me;
I will have no Competetors in Power.
If in the Fathers Time I rul'd alone,
I'll never yield that Honour to the Son:
Hard ſhall he tugg if he will have the ſway,
And if at laſt 'tis forc't and Rack't away,
As I ſhall ſcorn the Conqueſt to out-live,
This ſhall a Period to his Triumph give. [*Shews a Dagger.*

[*Exit* Queen.

SCENE II. *The Chancellors Houſe.*

Enter Serj. Eitherſide *and his Neice* Maria, he *pulling her in.*

Serj. Come, come in, come in you baggage, you run-away Thief; 'Tis well I met you, I would not have had you gone home for 5000 *l.* gads my life I had been Unjudg'd before my Taylor had finiſh'd my Robes, I ſhould not have had the Satisfaction of ſeeing how ſcarlet becomes me, and your Aunt would have turn'd you out of doors.

Mari. Why would you leave me then alone (with him?

Ser.

Serj. Chamber-practice, like that of Confeſſion, admits of no Ears, but the Parties concern'd---- therefore be rul'd, I have not ſeen my Wife ſince, but had you gone home as I ſaid, and ſhe had known the occaſion, and my Preferment had fallen upon't, ſhe had turn'd you out to have got a Livelyhood by the ſame means you ſhun'd, which would not have turn'd to ſo good an account.

Mari. But Sir, he would have forc'd me----

Serj. To have pleas'd your ſelf, come, come, no more Words, away with your buts, your ifs, and your yets, and joyn iſſue immediately, or you're non-ſuited; muſt I be forc'd to uſe my Authority? Do not provoke me leſt you ſink under the weight of a Judges diſpleaſure, we are dreadful fellows in Power, therefore have a care.

Mar. This new honour has certainly craz'd my Uncle: In my conſcience rather than be degraded, he would ſtand himſelf by this Devil of a Chancellor till he perform'd the deed of Darkneſs; Pray Sir let me go home.

Serj. If you will go to the Place from whence you came, you ſhall thence to the Place of Execution, where you ſhall be hang'd till you're half dead, and then be cut into four Quarters, and your Bowels burnt for high ſwinging High-Treaſon, in Rebelling againſt the Soveraign Authority of my unſpotted Ermin.

Mar. This Crime will make it foul:
Black as Hell's Practice or the Trade of Perjury:
What to do I know not; if I refuſe I loſe his favour, and that's my Bread; if I comply then farewell Reputation, let me be never ſo innocent the living with this Goat is ſufficient Scandal to any honeſt Perſon.

Serj. What, again at a ſtand? why you perplex the Cauſe worſe than an Evidence that's deaf and dumb, and is only to be underſtood by ſigns---Go to,

to, and know your duty, for I expect an Obedience as if I were your Father, you're my adopted Child, and are bound to ſubmit to my Commands; if the Ancient Meaſures of Divine and Human Laws are of any Force, and if they are not, I'll make new ones on this Occaſion.

Mar. Command my Life and I will freely give it: But this is ſuch a Task I cannot think upon it, but Horror ſeizes me.

Serj. Whence comes theſe Fits in the Devil's Name, they're not of the Mother I am ſure, ſhe would have ſwallow'd ſuch an Offer, and have made no Bones on't.

Mar. Diſpoſe of me any ways but this, tho' it be to my Death, I'll thank you for it, but to give my ſelf up to the lewd Embraces of a Perſon I mortally hate, is far more terrible; and I had rather ſtarve than gain a Fortune on ſuch baſe Conditions.

Serj. Conditions!--- Why, thou perverſe Chit of a wanton Generation, how cameſt thou thus baſtardiz'd? Huſwife, Huſwiſe, if you won't Lye with him, you will with ſome-body you like better, and I'll make you accept of my Choice, or turn you out of Doors with your Load of Virtue inſtead of a Portion, and ſee how the ſtarving your Spirit will agree with the Pride of your Fleſh.

Mar. What ſhall I do? What Courſes ſhall I ſteer?

Serj. Thoſe which tend to the making you rich and happy.

Mar. I ſhall be ruin'd.

Serj. You ſhall be made.

Mar. A Whore.

Serj. Why you peremptory Carrion, who thrives that are otherwiſe? Is there any Pleaſure like that of a long Mace and a Purſe, when you have the Broad Seal for your Vindication? He's a wiſe Man,

Man, and will be careful of your Honour, in regard of his own; and to my knowledge, 'tis safer trusting your Virtue in his Hands, than Money in a Banker's--- True, he is a little waggish, or so; alas, Child, that's nothing, Learned Men are of opinion, that warming the Blood by being now and then facetious, is very conducing to Health, possibly he follows the Maxim: [*Aside.*
Gads, my Life, he's here now, Niece, if you have any Respect for your self and me, play the part of an understanding Woman, and make use of the Time: I'll step aside and watch your Behaviour; have a care. [*Exit.*

Enter Chancellor, *reading.*

Mar. He's gone and left me:
What, shall I choose to save my Honour?
There is no 'scaping, Heaven inspire me best.

Chan. I am strangely discompos'd, I shall hardly be settled these two Hours; what a damnable Fright has this termagant Lord put me in; he's as saucy with me now he has got me in his Net as a Servant-Maid to her Master when she has lain with him: A Disappointment on both sides with a Vengeance; had I but enjoy'd the little Rogue, I should not have matter'd, but not only miss the Opportunity, but also lose the Person; I must send for the Pimp, her Uncle; a Pox of these Papers: [*Flings 'em down.*] 'would they were burning in the Guts of him that drew 'em---I was too hasty, I was too rash; we old Men are so seldom visited with the Effects of Love; we make too much of the Guest, because we know it's short. Ha! What do I see? [*Discovers* Maria.

Mar. I am discover'd, now Fortune stand my Friend---- Dissimulation help me, and all the Cunning of my Sex attend me.

Chan.

Chan. What, my little wandring Jew, are you here? You had like to have made fine Work, 'tis well you came back as you did, you had loſt a Lover elſe; my Heart was juſt breaking, I was ſending in haſte for a Maſter in Chancery to make my Will--- I deſign'd to have given all I had in the World to a certain Perſon that ſhall be nameleſs, but one ſo very like thee, that a Man might ſafely ſwear you were Twins.

Mar. I ſhould be ſorry if I ſhould any way diſcompoſe your Lordſhip in my leaving youſo abruptly, for which I beg your Pardon.

Chan. Say'ſt thou ſo? 'Gad Child, and I am very good-natur'd and heartily forgive thee, but you ſhall give Bond to perform Covenant for the future, you ſhall. [*Kiſſes her.*] What a notable Twang ſhe has--- I proteſt, my dainty piece of Marmalete, I have a ſtrange Inclination for thee, and I cannot but think thou haſt of the Quality of a Load-ſtone about thee; turn thee which way thou wilt have ſuch a grudging after thee, Sympathy, I'faith, meer Sympathy; thou art my Compaſs, and whilſt thou art in being, the Needle will be always pointing to the North, and I ſhall never be well but in thy Arms.

Mar. It can be only your Opinion Sir, I know no Quality I am endow'd with unleſs your Favour.

Chan. You cogg, you cogg, What, not know where your Magick Circle lies, no Quality? Why thou haſt Beauty enough to merit an Empire: I am thy Vaſſal, I who command this Nation am commanded by thee; Come hither and anſwer me a Queſtion, Wilt thou my Damſel? ha!

Mar. To any thing as may become your Servant,

Chan. Good, very good, doſt thou love me Child? Anſwer me quickly, I am under an Agony of

of Suſpicion, and muſt be reſolv'd, or I'm a dead Man.

Mar. My ready Services ſhall always demonſtrate the high Reſpect I have for you.

Chan. Reſpect, twiſt a Whip, tell not me of Reſpect, I hate the Expreſſion, 'tis like giving the Check inſtead of the Lip upon a Salute -- Torture me not with Delay, but give me a Cordial of thy Kindneſs or I ſink, I periſh, I'm no Man.

Mar. My Lord, indeed I honour you, indeed reſpect you, and I have often heard it ſaid, reſpect's the younger Brother ſure to love.

Chan. I deſire none of his Company, if the elder be preſent come near me, I muſt look on my Care, my Jewel, how thoſe Eyes ſparkle, why they out luſtre this; let me ſee, place it before thoſe white little panting, pouting, ſwelling, throbbing, heaving— ah Rogue!

[*Puts a Jewel on her Boſom.*

Mar. My Lord, you throw your Favours ſo very faſt upon me, I ſick under the Conſideration of my Gratitude.

Chan. A good Child, a very good Child, why they're Trifles to what I deſign thee, thou ſhalt be cover'd all over with Gold and Jewels; ſuch things I have beſpoke for thee, thou ſhalt outſhine an *Indian Queen*: ſay, canſt thou love me? Speak, my Honey-ſuckle, and make me happy and thy ſelf illuſtrious, ſpeak my Bluſſom of a Colly-flower, my Cherry-colour'd Bean with a black Eye.

Mar. However furious my Gallants Inclinations are, I find my Beauty awes him, I am Maſter of his Heart, and may be of all he has (oh *Mountacute* ſhould thou do thus I fear my Chaſtity) however I'll ſeemingly comply, but nothing more. [*Aſide.*

[*She looks languiſhingly on him, and puts her Fan to her Face.*

Chan.

Chan. What, another Eye ſhot, come, out with it Lamb, never mince the Matter, my Doom, my Doom.

Mar. Good Sir, ſpare the Trouble, and let my Bluſhes ſpeak my Heart.

Chan. What! muſt I then be forc'd to bribe my Judge e're ſhe will give her Opinion? Here, here's Gold for thee--- nay, nay, take it--- ſhe has nick'd me 'faith, my Way exactly, the Method I uſe to follow to a tittle: My Sentence---

Mar. I am not as I was, yet cannot tell my Ailing; ſince I have ſeen you Sir, my Heart doth throb and beat as if it would have Liberty.

Chan. Caught, by St. *Winifred*; ſhe's in.

Mar. And when you ſpeak of Love, your Words pierce through me, I find a pleaſing Shivering ſeize on me, yet covet ſtill to hear you, and when you catch me in your Arms, I am like one half waking from a Sleep; I know not how to term it, a pleaſant fleating Tranſport comes upon me, my Eyes are doz'd and I grow giddy with the unuſual Joy.

Chan. In Love! the Experience of 30 could not have demonſtrated better: Come Child, I will repay it with double Intereſt, I have a thouſand fine Curioſities within my Cloſet which thou ſhalt be Lady of immediately.

Mar. Oh Heavens! what have I done? I have fool'd my ſelf into the Snare.

Enter Serjeant Eitherſide.

Bleſſed Deliverance, my Uncle.

Serj. My moſt illuſtrious Prop of Preferment.

Chan. A Plague of this Raſcally Serjeant, I perceive the Fellow has forgot all Manners ſince I have made him a Judge, but I'll ſend him packing--- Oh! Brother Judge, you are welcome, never more welcome,

welcome, rare News, rare News; The Queen and the Earl of *March* have by me put an Opportunity into your Hands of being ſuddenly a Great Man.

Serj. How! does her Majeſty think upon the loweſt of her Subjects? I ſhall never be able to repay the Goodneſs: Can I ſerve her, my Lord?

Chan. Why, no body elſe; ſhe has try'd the Judges already, and they are wreſty like ſo many tyr'd Horſes, they will not budge a jot.

Serj. What is it, my Lord, what is it?--- How does your Lordſhip like my Neice? Is ſhe courteous?

Chan. Charmingly, charmingly--- But to our Buſineſs: there are a Parcel of froward Perſons that ſtand upon their Privileges becauſe they are Peers, and between you and me, Brother, are very unmannerly, both to the Queen and the Earl: Now they were order'd to be proſecuted, and the Knaves in Scarlet refus'd, pretending they were above their Cognizance.

Serj. How! above their Cognizance, who are they? Let me know 'em, and their Crimes, and if I do not caſe 'em up, uncaſe me,--- But what will become of me if a Parliament ſhould be ſummon'd?

Chan. O fear it not, the Queen will never call a Parliament, leſt they might queſtion her as well as you, therefore be ſtanch.

Serj. Twiſt a Whip, as your Lordſhip ſays, I'll go through-ſtitch.

Chan. There's that prating Fellow *Mountacute*, and [*Whiſpers.*

Mar. Ha! what ſaid he? Oh how my Fears come thick on me.

Chan. But I'll tell you as I go: Here, my Charge, take theſe Keys, they'll open the Doors of my Cabinets; there, there, feaſt thy Eyes, and take what

what thou wilt, I'll but ſpeak a Word with thy Uncle, and come and ſettle ſome Jewels and Precious Stones upon thee.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord the Earl of *March* deſires your ſpeedy Preſence at his Apartment.

Chan. The Devil boyl him, again, what ſhall I do?

Serj. My Lord, I find you are uneaſie at your being ſo open to Buſineſs, nor indeed can you be private here as Love requires---What think your Lordſhip of my Houſe? there you may be ſecure.

Chan. A Pimp of a thouſand; you ſay worthily, nothing better. Go, get you in, and take what you find on the Squab under the Window, and go home to your Uncle's, where I'll come and ſup, as ſoon as I've diſpatch'd this Buſineſs, I muſt talk with you as I go; nay, a Kiſs, a Kiſs at parting: I'm in Paradiſe; Come, come along Brother, or I ſhall, oh!---come along, come.

[*Ex.* Chan. *and* Serj.

Mar. They're gone, and left me wretched, the Darling of my Soul, my Virgin Love, my Dear-priz'd *Mountacute* they have in chaſe, eager as Blood-hounds when upon full Scent; could I but interpoſe 'twixt him and Fate, I ſhould be bleſs'd in dying, pity'd by him: Ha! what Paper's this? [*takes 'em off the Ground.*] my Curioſity was never ſaucy yet, Love makes it now: Good Heaven what have I found, the very Scrole of Death; Directions in what Manner to proceed againſt *Mountacute* and others--- be but propitious, Stars, and I will make this Inſtrument of Villany the Guide by which I'll ſteer this almoſt ſinking Bark, through all the Rocks which threaten his Deſtruction,

ction, 'twill bring me to his Sight---- bleſs'd Accident:
And tho' my Fortunes can't expect his Love,
My generous Care of him he muſt approve.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Mountacute's *Houſe.*

Enter Mountacute *and* Holland.

Mount. ALL things move forward with a Proſperous Breeze,
And we ſhall reach the Harbour of Succeſs
Sooner than we believ'd; 'tis now in View,
Heav'n ſeems as if it took peculiar Care,
Promiſing Safety to the Royal Cauſe,
Inſpires the King who ſteers the mighty Bark,
Keeping him ſteady in his Reſolution:
This Night but over, we have gain'd the Bay,
Safely we ride, contemning future Storms,
Sir *Rob. Holl.* 'Tis wonderful indeed, it ſhews (the Hand
Of Providence is with us, never Prince
Was Grac'd with ſo much Knowledge as young
Conſidering his Years 'tis wonderful; (*Edward*;
He weighs with all the Gravity and Thought
Of an experienc'd Stateſman what's propos'd;
Still as he ſpeaks, the Accent of each Word
Keeps proper Time, and points to his Revenge.
L. *Mount.* Ay! there it centers, nothing is more ſweet,
It is the choiceſt Dainty of the Gods,
With which they feaſt themſelves on ſolemn Days;
And

And 'tis but juſt their Repreſentative
Should diet on the ſame when injur'd with 'em:
He credits now the Baſeneſs of his Mother,
Her rank Familiarity with *March*:
Oh murder'd *Edward*--- doubly Maſſacr'd,
Whoſe Honour ſuffer'd with thy Innocence,
While thy Adulterers thrive i'th Eye of Heaven
They magnify their Miſchiefs by Succeſs
And Cuckold every Hour thy Memory.

Sir *Rob. Holl.* Tax not the Powers Above left (we're forſaken,
They often ſuffer what they do not like:
Their Vengeance makes us think why we are pu-
Such Viſitations whets our Penitence: (niſh'd,
Creates Reflections on the inward Cauſe,
For Conſcience is the Mirror of our Souls,
Which repreſents the Errors of our Lives
In their full Shape. (return'd

L. *Mount.* But tell me, Friend, what Meſſage is
From *Exeter* and *Berkley*, will they come?
Or chooſe they rather tamely to be nooz'd?

Sir *Ro. Holl.* Be not too raſh, for they are Men (of Worth,
Do not believe, becauſe they left the Court,
Retreating to their quiet Rural Seats,
Where they might gorge the Vulture of their Minds,
They are cold or ſtupid when their Honour calls;
No, *Mountacute*, believe me, they have heard,
That in the Roll of Fame there yet remains
One Chance, one Glorious Lot that's worthy Haz- (zard,
Whereby the Kingdom's Fate may be retriev'd,
Rouz'd with the Summons they have wing'd their (Haſte,
Vying who ſhall become the ſecond *Curtius*.

Mount. Why ſo 'twas with *Salisbury* when firſt]
I told the Glorious Action now in hand;
He, like ſome Lyon almoſt ſtiff with Eaſe,

Lolling

Lolling at length within his Antick Cave,
Takes the Alarm of the Huntſman's Sound,
At which he ſtretches out his well grown Limbs,
Bruſtles his horrid Main and furls his Tail,
Whetting his crooked Talons on the Rock,
Straulks to the Field, and ſwells to meet the Foe.

Sir *Ro. Holl.* They meet this Night at Council, (where they'll find
Matter prepar'd ſufficient to inſpire 'em.

Mount. All join the Nobles, Gentry and the (Commons,
The Chain is Rivetted, the wreſty People
Whoſe Rights and Privileges are uſurp'd
No longer free, but all in Vaſſalage
Are ripe for Miſchief, ready for Rebellion;
They wait from us the Signal when to Dole
The Act of Juſtice; 'wou'd the Cry were up
That I might ſee theſe Manglers of the Realm
Drove to the Shambles, and expos'd as Beaſts.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, a Gentlewoman waits to ſpeak with you.

Sir *Ro. Holl.* I'll take my leave, at Six we meet again. [*Exit.*

Mount. I ſhall not fail.---- Conduct her in.

Enter Maria.

Your Buſineſs Fair-one.

Mar. When I ſhall tell the Subject of my Errand,
Poſſibly it may deſerve Attention;
But I muſt requeſt your Privacy.

[Mount. *nods to the Servant, who retires.*

Mount. You are obey'd, by Heav'n a charming (Creature;
Now ſpeak your Pleaſure, Madam.

Mar.

Mar. I come, my Lord, a Suppliant from a (Maid,
Who, for ſome Years, has ey'd your noble Worth,
And tho' her Birth, nor Fortune can pretend
To merit that Return ſhe long has ſigh'd for,
Yet ſo her partial Deſtiny has order'd,
She ſtill admires your Perſon and your Virtues.

Mount. Well, my fair Suitreſs, whither does (this tend?
Lovely Deportment, and enticing Innocence. [*Aſide.*

Mar. With Silence hitherto ſhe has conceal'd
The ſaucy Flame oft ſtrove to ſtifle it,
While in its Infant-Growth; but 'twas in vain,
For daily it encreas'd to ſuch a Strength,
As did o'er-power the Weakneſs of her Sex;
Maintain'd the Conqueſt 'ſpite of Reſolution;
Yet rather than her Folly ſhould be known,
She let it prey upon the Vital Parts,
Hoping at laſt 'twould end the uneaſie Days,
And her Ambitious Love die unreveal'd.

Mount. That was unkindly done, ſhe could not (doubt Succeſs
When ſhe had one ſo fair to plead her Cauſe.

Mar. The Diſproportion is ſo vaſt between ye,
That ſhe muſt ſtill deſpair and ſtill love on:
Fortune has plac'd her where you moſt abhorr
Diſeaſes, Infamy, or Death it ſelf:
You would not ſhun with more precipit Haſte,
If I ſhould name the Perſon; yet even there,
'Midſt of the Toil and Anguiſh of her Life,
A happy Moment did preſent it ſelf
To make her be the lucky Meſſenger
Of Health to you, tho' ſhe muſt linguer ever.

Mount. I'll ſpare the Trouble of your Bluſhes,
For I've a Soul ſo tender of the Sex, (Lady,
(Skill'd in the little Niceties of Love)

As shall prevent the Torture of Confession,
And do you Justice.

[*He takes her by the Hand, she pulls it from him.*

Mar. You wrong your Judgment, and you con-(sure ill,
I came not hither, Sir, on that Account,
No loose Desires, the Product of ill Blood,
Can blast the Reputation of my Life;
My Honour guards me from that Infamy;
But I am hurry'd hither by my Fate,
And bring a Secret of that great Importance,
The Service possibly may merit Pity,
Which if I meet with, I am well rewarded.

Mount. I do believe it, and accept the Offer;
Come wave this Woman's Method to allure us,
You're safe and secret here, none can disturb us;
And I will give you such Returns of Love,
Such hearty Proofs thou shalt be soon convinc'd:
Tho' it be Infant-born it rivals thine, (thus,

Mar. Away, How have I err'd? Are all Men
Thus full of Guilt? My Senses do recover,
And I begin to loath the Tempter's Charms:
Read that, [*Gives a Paper.*
For I must leave you.—Oh my Heart!
If thou would'st be my Friend, beat faster on,
And force thy Passage through these feeble Walls.

Mount. Yet stay.—What have I here pro-(scrib'd?
By all that's sacred, Peremptory Orders
For my Destruction; *March*'s Hand's to't:
How came she by this? Now I recollect,
She told me, that her Fate had fix'd her where
I should detest the naming, if I knew it;
It must be so. Well, my Deliverer,
I thank you—by my Honour I'm sincere,
This Scrole which thou hast given speaks thy (Kindness,
And says, thou art all Goodness, tho' the Place
Of thy Abode be with the worst of Men,

Nay,

Nay, tho' it were the Chancellor himſelf;
Nor will I lag in making a Return, [*Offers her a Purſe of Gold. She puts it back.*
Tho' at the preſent I am loſt in Thought.

Mar. I am rewarded, Sir, and have my End;
If you apply this Caution
To the right Uſe, you may eſcape the Snare,
But if you ſlight it, then I know the worſt;
And tho' I am no ſuitable Companion
In Life, yet in the Grave, we undiſtinguiſh'd
May mingle Aſhes, tho' our Souls are diſtant.

Mount. You muſt not leave me, I have much to ſay;
The Injury I have done you by Suſpicion,
When my rude Thoughts led me into an Error,
I muſt attone.

Mar. Fye, 'tis too groſs!
This Language does not ſuit my humble Character,
Nor is it noble to deſpiſe my Sufferings.

Mount. By all my Hopes of Credit I am real,
There's ſomething from thy Eyes have ſhot my Soul,
And I could gaze for ever on ſuch Goodneſs;
Thy Temper's worthy, if thy Birth be not,
Diſtinction never had a Power o'er Love;
'Cauſe Nature plac'd me in the Womb of Honour
She has adorn'd thy humbler Clay with Graces,
Which ſeldom go with Greatneſs or with Wealth;
And 'tis but common Juſtice I repay,
A Love where Love has merited ſo far.

Mar. It cannot be;
Your Dignity and Honour intervene,
Which bar the Banes for ever. conjoin'd,

Mount. What, will not Gratitude, with Love
Remove? Tell me no more of Honour, Dignity;
When Charms, like thine, appear, all muſt give place.

Mar. My Lord, I had a Father, and a noble one,
Whoſe Memory yet lives, tho' he is dead,

Men ſpoke him Brave, if Loyalty can plead in his (Behalf;
'Twas Colonel *Stapleton*,
The unhappy Brother of the Biſhop of *Exeter*,
Who by the Citizens was put to Death
For favouring the Cauſe of *Carnarvan*, *Edward*.
But oh, when Royal *Edmund*,
The Uncle and the Guardian of the King,
Was taken off, under Pretence of Treaſon,
Mine ſuffer'd with him; what he had of Honours
Or of Eſtate, the Law has ſince made forfeit,
And me an Orphan, given into the Hands
Of a Time-ſerving Family.
Alas! I blame my ſelf, condemn my Madneſs,
My ill-match'd Paſſion, and I'll ſtrive
To curb its Power: I only crave your Pity,
Nor dare I hope for more, and yet I ſwear,
Your Flattery, tho' known, is grateful to me.

Mount. Thou charm'ſt me ſtill, why Loyalty's (a Jem
Fit for a Prince's Crown;
I knew thy Father, a gallant and a worthy Man he (was,
His Suffering was remarkable and noble,
And thou art richer,
Sprung from that, than had a Traitor
Bleſs'd with Millions got thee:
Thou doſt encreaſe the Fire within my Breaſt,
Pow'ring in Oil inſtead of quenching it;
Let me upon this Boſom print my Vows,
And ſwear my ſelf thy Beauty's Votary.

Mar. I know not where I am, the thrilling Joy
Creeps through each Part and Extaſies my Soul:
If this be true, what Queen is half ſo happy?

Mount. Give not Diſtruſt to the Reins becauſe (you find
The Change is ſudden, the Effects are true;
By Heav'n I have more Pleaſure in this Chance,
Than e'er I taſted ſince I firſt view'd Light.

Mar. I know not what to to ſay, my Joy's ſo (great,
My

My Senſes are confus'd, all crowd to meet you,
The welcome Gueſt for whom ſo much they wiſh'd,
But little thought it was ſo near at hand. (ence
Mount. Believe me, oh thou Star, whoſe Influ-
Has made me happy, that my Vows are true:
I'll to the King, acquaint him with thy Goodneſs,
His Safety is procur'd by this Precaution,
And ſure he'll recompence thy Loyalty;
With his Conſent we will for ever join:
Thy Virtues will, in future Ages ſhine,
While untir'd Fame her matchleſs Worth ſhall ſing,
Who ſav'd her Country, Lover, and her King.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mortimer *and* Chancellor.

Chan. To Night will it be done? (Son,
Mort. This Night; The Queen's gone to her
Who is in Council with theſe Men we've menti-
(on'd;
At dead of Night the Guards ſhall ſeize 'em,
And when they once are Pris'ners, ſee you take care
That nothing frees 'em but an Ax or Gibbet.
Chan. But pray, what Evidence has your Lord-
(ſhip againſt 'em?
Mort. Dull Wretch; Have I againſt 'em?
Law and Religion ſure are uſeleſs grown,
When Prieſts want Vouchers, or a Judge Informer;
Think of the Management in *Edmund*'s Tryal,
And give theſe Lords his Fate. (be done.
Chan. Well, well, my Lord, their Buſ'neſs ſhall
Mort. Or they'll do ours; I know their Subtle-
They're ſilent Setters all, and cloſe, (ties,
Not apt to queſt and give their Quarry Notice:
'Tis then the Net draws certain to Deſtruction.

Chan. But, my Lord, Judge *Eitherſide* muſt be (the Man,
And you muſt make him Chief-Juſtice to go tho-
Mort. Could'ſt not thou do it? (rough it.

Chan. I! why I'm a Prieſt, beſides Lord Chancellor, and Equity is never us'd in Caſes of Life and Death.

Mort. Well, loſe no Time, but inſtantly prepare for't.

Chan. Fear not my Diligence in diſpatching an Enemy; But 'twould do well to get the Queen to paſs an Order under the Broad-Seal for the ſpeedy removing 'em to *London*, and let her Son be kept here till they're diſpatch'd.

Mort. It ſhall be done, is there ought elſe?

Chan. That's all, and I'll ſend up my Creatures before-hand to purchaſe a Jury for 'em: As for Evidence, there are poor Rogues in abundance, and the larger the Bribe, the ſtronger the Oath. Adieu, my Lord, I'll give you an Account how my Emiſaries fadge. [*Exit.*

Mort. This is a true Compound of Juſtice and (Piety,
For one's guided by Intereſt, and the other by Am-
(bition:
This Fellow hopes to be the Head o'th Church,
As much as I hope to be King of *England*,
And whilſt he ſerves my Ends, Preferment's his:
A Crown! oh the delightful ſound!
If *Iſabella*, thou, wouldſt keeep me thine,
Thy Son muſt wait upon thy ſleeping Husband:
She's fond and languiſhes; why ſhould I doubt?
Oh Love! thy Power has compaſs'd wonderous (Things,
Drove out, reſtor'd, deſtroy'd, and ſet up Kings.
[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Discovers the King, Leicester, Mountacute, Berkly, *Sir* Tho. Delamore, Holland, *and* Exeter, *as at Council.*

King. What will ye further? This Scrole of (*Mountacute's*,
Fully expresses the dire Fiends Designs.
Sals. Time must suit the rest----
Nor may we trifle dangerous Distempers,
If they not meet a sudden Opposition,
O'er-power the Application when too late,
Rendring Art useless.
Exe. 'Tis thoroughly advis'd, pursue it, Sir.
Sir *Tho. Dell.* Your Father whom we oft ad- (monish'd,
Nay told him plainly what hath since ensu'd,
Laugh'd at our Cautions; Sir, you must be care- (ful,
Or all is lost beyond Recovery.
Exe. If you persist in what you seem to like,
Safety and Glory you will find attend it;
But if your Mother change you, farewel Power;
Let *Mortimer* the Place of *Edward* fill,
We are content to fall if you are so.
King. I will observe Directions, weigh each (Word,
Not vary from a tittle; my Safety
Is with yours, as yours with mine;
Sure never Prince was sav'd from greater Hazards:
What must I call you, Friends? That Name's too (poor,
But yet a Friend will venture wonderous things,
When what he loves is compass'd round with (Danger:
Let me embrace ye all, and tell the World,
No Prince can match the Council I am bless'd with:

Within. I muſt acquaint the Prince e'er I admit (your Majeſty.

Queen. Traytor.

Enter a Waiter driven in by the Queen.

King. What means this Noiſe?

[*They all riſe, ſhe walks round 'em, comes to the Front and ſpeaks.*

Queen. The Rumour then is true, I find it now,
But I much wonder, ye audacious Men,
That ye aſſemble here without my Leave;
You who had fell, and juſtly, for your Crimes,
Had not my Clemency excus'd your Lives;
Has Mercy harden'd your preſumptuous Hearts,
Or are ye paſt Reproof?

Sir *Tho. Dell.* Madam, what we have done—

Queen. There is a better Man to anſwer me
Than *Delamore*, thou Uſher to theſe School-men,
Which, in their Abſence, ſets my Son ſuch Leſſons.

Mount. Then ſince your Majeſty—

Queen. Boys I could never liſten to,
Go prattle with my Pages.

Leice. If I may ſpeak— (Changeling,

Queen. Thou dribleſt on thy Beard, Age is a
And languiſhes for Hoſpitals: You Sirs, I ſpeak
To *Salisbury* and *Exeter*, who draw together
In the Team of Politicks; Who ſent for you?
Be brief and anſwer juſtly, as you love your Lives.

Saliſ. That we eſteem our Lives is very plain,
Our Care o'th' King's confirms it:
It is by his Command we here are met,
To argue his Propoſals, ſolve his Queſtions,
And, to the utmoſt of our Thoughts and Duty,
Preſerve the King in Grandeur, Peace and Safety.

Queen. The King!

Exe. The King, your Majeſty, can be no Stran-
Being ſo near related. (ger,

Queen. Unheard of Inſolence! Why, who am I?

Exe.

Exe. His Mother.

Queen. Traytor, there is another Name and Title due to me.

Exe. None that we know of.

Queen. Thou lyeſt, and I will ſtamp the Falſhood down the Throat---unthankful Boy, how can'ſt thou ſuffer this, and hear thy Mother talk'd ſo to by Slaves? (ſtagger,

King. Madam, your Paſſion makes their Duty
You uſe 'em not like Noblemen but Pedants;
Tho' Subjects, they have no dependance on us,
And Majeſty's adorn'd and ſerv'd by them,
Much more than is at all times fit to own;
'Tis true they are not ſafe, but under Kings,
Nor Kings can't flouriſh but by ſuch Aſſiſtance.

Queen. Indeed Sir, are you grown a Diſputant,
And jabber Politicks ſo learnedly?
Thou Tool, thou Inſtrument of Self-deſtruction,
Doſt think theſe State-worms mean thee further (Good,
Than what they ſerve to introduce their own?
I tell thee, Councellors are all alike,
And Princes know no more than they think fitting;
So whilſt his Glory does not injure theirs,
They are content, they may grow great together.

Salſ. Madam, this Doctrine may be prov'd elſe- (where,
Where Powers unjuſtly us'd by ſad Permiſſion:
We have no Ends nor Aim but the King's Safety,
'Tis true ſo far our own depends upon't;
The King's our Shepherd, born to protect his People,
And as the Lamb flies from the Woolf to him
That Guards the Flock, ſo we ſeek Refuge here:
Life's all we hope for; indeed Life's all in all;
And 'tis ſo ſweet that all are fond to ſave it.

King. Mother, in ſhort, I am of Age to govern,
And here aſſume the Right my Father left me:

These I have chose to be my Worthy Guides,
I have resolv'd this and will make it good.
Queen. Have I no Place? Am I a Cypher grown?
Will none afford a place for Dignity?
King. Accept of mine.
Queen. No, this may serve your Mother, [*Sits down at the End of the Table by* Leic---
I will sit here with this good Man's Allowance:
Come I'll be govern'd too--- Pray be my Friends
As well as his for once. (neither:
Exe. Nay, Madam, this we must not suffer
Queen. What am I left alone? [*They all retire from the Table.*
Am I infectious? Dare none sit near the Plague?
Ungracious Boy, is this thy filial Love?
This the Return for all the Pangs and Throws
I suffer'd at thy Birth? This the Reward [*Weeps.*
For all my Sorrows, Cares, Anxieties,
Which through thy sickly Infancy possest me,
When many a weary Night bereft of Rest,
I've slumber'd o'er thy Cradle, and bemoan'd
My own hard Fate? Now it proves so indeed:
I've nurst a Viper, given an Adder Warmth;
Which having grown to Strength forgets its Parent,
And covets Preying on her Entrails; Oh! mon-
King. Nay, Mother, Mother--- (strous Crime.
Exe. Be not caught, Sir, these Tears, like those (of Syrens,
Entice you but to leap to sure Destruction.
Queen. Must he alone have Credit? Am I no- (thing?
Return e're 'tis too late, I do conjure thee,
By all the Comforts thou hast e're receiv'd,
By all thy Duty due, which Heav'n commands,
Attend my Prayers, and throw the envenom'd Robe
Off from thy Person e'er the Poison fix,
Or else thou art lost for ever.

Sir

Sir *Tho. Del.* Oh, Sir, be ſteady, or you ruin all.
King. I muſt retire, or I ſhall melt to folly, (Madam,
I'm indiſpos'd and muſt withdraw.
Queen. Come hither, Child, and reſt upon my (Boſom,
I'll huſh thy Cares, and quiet thy Diſturbers,
As when I lull'd thee firſt.
Exe. Away, Sir.
Queen. My Son.
Saliſ. Be Deaf, Sir. (ther!
Queen. Edward, my only *Edward*, hear thy Mo-
King. Force me away if you regard my Glory.
Mount. That ſhan't be wanting. [*They force him off.*
Queen. My Child, my Comfort, Darling,
[*Exit all but Queen.*
Prop of my Life,
I ſhall grow mad, I find the Fury ſeize me;
My Gall boils up, and I am all on Fire;
Come then, revenge, thou Banquet of the Gods,
And let me gorge my ravenous Appetite;
Inſpire me *Nemiſis* thou ſubtleſt Fury,
Drive from my Soul the Weakneſs of my Sex,
And make me Maſculine in my Attempts:
Some Women have done Wonders in their Rage,
Why ſhou'd not I, for I have Cauſe prodigious?
Nature for ever here I baniſh thee:
Remorſe and Conſcience, Pity, all farewell,
Inſtruct me Malice, and aſſiſt me Hell.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Mortimer.

Mor. MY Fears are paſt, the noble Treaſon's (ſign'd,
And *Edward* I will mount into thy Throne;
By Heav'n ſhe was ſo eager in her Vengeance,
She never read the Miſchief ſhe has granted;
Oh, how ſhe rav'd! Curſing her Son and Peers,
Reſolving not to reſt, 'till ſhe had Revenge:
Now Chancellor be ſtaunch in this main Cauſe,
And thou ſhalt thrive for thy dear Wickedneſs;
Who waits?

Enter Turrington.

Wait on the Chancellor with this, and let it
Paſs the Seal, with his utmoſt Speed:
I'll inſtantly be with him too my ſelf,
My Glories are in view, Fate be my Friend, [*Ex.*T.
In their behalf ſome kind Aſſiſtance lend,
'Twere hard my Hopes ſhould fail ſo near their (End.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Have you diſpatch'd the Paper which I (ſign'd?
Mort. I have, and theſe couch'd Lyons who (ſhrink their Claws
'Till

'Till they may graſp our Lives with firm Security,
Fall in our Toil this Night:
I have Intelligence your Son has ſummon'd
His truſty Loyal Lords to Sup with him,
And when they're careleſs in their Luxury,
We'll bolt upon 'em with ſuch ſure Deſtruction,
Nor *Edward*, nor the World ſhall reſcue 'em.

Queen. Sure when their buſie Souls are ſent (abroad,
Their harmleſs Bodies will let ours alone.

Mort. Hold but this noble Reſolution, you are (ſecure:
The Rebel Lords have printed and diſpers'd
A formal Proclamation in your Son's Name,
In which he does convene a Parliament,
To meet the following Month at *Salisbury*,
There to debate on proper Means and Ways,
How to ſecure the Nation's future Peace.

Queen. A Parliament, oh, Inſolence!
He ſhall be whipt to Manners, fooliſh Boy:
His Learned Counſel too ſhall be rewarded,
If Axes, Gibbits, Racks, ſevereſt Tortures,
Can be produc'd ſufficient for their Number.

Mort. Ay, now we're right, be firm and we'll (be great,
Elſe we muſt fall a publick Spectacle
To every vulgar Villain:
For Princes, like the Sun, when in Eclipſe:
Call up the Eyes of many to behold 'em,
Who would have none in their full Noon of Glory:
Shine out, and you will be too bright for
The low Crowd to gaze at.

Queen. Thy pleaſing Accent thrills into my Breaſt,
Not the parch'd Earth when the hot Dog-Star
Sucks up refreſhing Showers, (reigns,
With half the Eagerneſs as I thy well-tun'd Speech:
Oh had'ſt thou ſeen their Inſolence, my *March*,
To thy ſoft Queen, thy tender *Iſabella*,

I'm

I'm ſure thy Zeal had ſent 'em from the World,
Tho' every Heart thou hadſt ſtruck, had been a
(King's.

Mort. By all thy Mercies and thy dearer Favours,
So much I am a Slave to thy Deſires,
I ſhould not ſpare a Saint that wrong'd my Love:
Stars let me but enjoy this Heav'n on Earth,
Keep yours above, for Creatures leſſer bleſs'd.

Iſab. Thou art the utmoſt Limits of my Wiſhes,
And oh how dull would ſeem the Pomp of Crowns,
If mightyer Love make not Ambition eaſy
So near my Soul, ſo rooted in my Heart,
That were my Son and *Mortimer* condemn'd,
And I ſhould have the Choice of ſaving one,
I know not where my Nature would plead ſtronger.

Mort. Moſt condeſcending Brightneſs, how thou
(charm'ſt me!
Why was not I a Match for ſuch a Prize?
Oh partial Heav'n, unjuſt Diſtributer,
That giv'ſt us Monarchs Souls ſo poorly cloath'd,
Why haſt thou made Diſtinction in the Blood,
And none at all i'th Mind?

Iſab. It is enough that we concur in Soul:
I think thee worthy to partake my Love,
And thou may'ſt think thy ſelf a King in that.

Mort. Thus bleſs'd then I am one, and envy
(none,
And to remove all Fears that curb my Joys,
I'll inſtantly diſpatch thy Sons Inſtructers;
Then when our Enemies to Love are huſh'd
We'll pay our Thanks to Love in Love,
Thou ſhalt the Alter of the Offering be,
And I the Sacrifice which here ſhall die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Chancellor *and* Maria.

Chan. Ay, my Charmer, theſe Cloaths become thee,
Now thou look'ſt like what thou art; but what thou
Shalt be, the Event muſt tell.

Mar. I know what you deſign me, my Reverend Equity; but I think I ſhall be arm'd againſt it.

Chan. This Night but over, Child, we'll Revel without Meaſure, no interrupting Buſineſs ſhall torment us; the Authors of that Plague ſhall be remov'd, and then my little armful of Comfort—

Mar. What then, Sir?

Chan. Nay, would'ſt thou have me tell thee what then, Child? No, gueſs Love, gueſs, and tickle thy ſelf with the Thoughts on't; ſuch things I will do for thee, thou ſhalt be the Darling of the Nation, all Hands ſhall honour thee, and all Eyes admire thee.

Mar. Shall I be this, Sir?

Chan. More, Child, more, whoever has ought to beg of *Tarleton*, ſhall come to thee; thou ſhalt prefer, take down, do as thou wilt; have a greater Court than the Queen — and be more throng'd than a Country Church, when a Biſhop preaches: In ſhort, I will ſet thee againſt the proudeſt Minks that's kept either by Lord Spiritual or Temporal.

Mar. But, Sir---

Chan. Not a Word more, I expect the Earl of *March* each Minute; and when this Night is over, all the reſt of my Nights and Days ſhall be at thy Devotion; give thy Uncle this; 'tis a Commiſſion to take the Lives of ſix Rank, Stubborn, Loyal Rogues, which when diſpatch'd.---

Mar. Are they your Lordſhip's Enemies?

Chan.

Chan. I know not what Prejudice they have to my Perſon, but they're Enemies to my Intereſt, and that's a Stateſman's Caſe at all times: There's *Mountacute*, and *Delamore*, *Holland*, and others; what Faces the Knaves will make at the Gallows when their Bowels are burnt under their own Noſes? Go Love, go, if thou ſtay'ſt thou'lt ſet me ſo a-gog for thee, and I ſhall be baffled, as I always have been by this troubleſome *March*.

Mar. *Mountacute*'s Death, no Villain, no.
His Fate ſhall be reverſt if this can plead,
And fall curſt Chancellor on thy own Head.
[*Exit.*

Chan. 'Tis a ſweet little Rogue; in what a comfortable Manner ſhall I ſpend the latter Part of my Life, my Piety grows cold for want of a Bed-fellow: What tho' I am a Father of the Church; as to that Point, the World will ſay I am debarr'd from the Sex: But then again, I am a Father of the Law, and I never read of a Judge or a Chancellor that was ever depriv'd, or ſuſpended for ſatisfying the Curioſity of Nature; and according to the Rules of Equity, *ergo*, I ought to have the ſame Priviledge as the beſt of the long Robe: In ſhort, I will enjoy this Woman, as I am a Chancellor; and thoſe Days wherein I cannot behave my ſelf to her, as a Chancellor, I will dedicate to Devotion and Sanctity.

Enter Mortimer.

My Lord of *March*, your Lordſhips moſt diligent and ſincere humble Servant.

Mort. Is't ſign'd?

Chan. It is, and theſe wiſe Counſellors ſhall rue their Politicks.

Mort. Where is it?

Chan.

Chan. I have diſpatch'd it to judge *Eitherſide*, he'll make 'em ſmoak, I warrant you.

Mort. Hell and the Devil; did'ſt thou read it?

Chan. No, for I concluded what it was.

Mort. Shame on thy Negligence; why 'twas an Order for the King's Confinement, his Mother's Hand to make him a cloſe Priſoner.

Chan. There's no harm done, I warrant you; were it an Order for his Head, this Fellow would put it in Execution.

Mort. Send for it, he muſt not be concern'd in it.

Chan. I will, I will.

Mort. But hark you my Lord Chancellor; Suppoſe, when we have lop'd theſe Branches off, The Trunk remains from, whence will grow freſh (Miſchiefs:
I find the Boy is fond of Soveraign Sway,
Fond of the lofty Sound of Majeſty;
His Soul is tun'd to abſolute Prerogative,
And all his Conſort ſtrike that pleaſing Air.

Chan. Look you, my Lord, let us deliver him out of this Evil, and I'll take Care he falls into Temptation no more.

Mort. Thou know'ſt him not,
He has a weyward Soul, and ſtubborn Temper,
The Pride and Spirit of the Mother ſwells him,
With all his Father's poſitive Revenge:
He affects a Mildneſs for the want of Power,
But when he once has conquer'd his Reſtraint
We muſt expect to pay for theſe Mens Lives.

Chan. Nay, 'tis good to be ſure, my Lord, that's certain; and if I thought his Reign would put an end to ours, Charity begins at home, and I beg the young Prince's Pardon; I would not tamely reſign, I tell him that.

Mort. This Parliament that's ſummon'd will be (dangerous,
The Commons hate the Nobles, envy us,

And

And if we find not Means to curb these Measures;
We shall too late repent our Follies, *Tarleton*,
Our Heads, our Heads must answer for our Actions.

Chan. Our Heads! I'll send him to his Father first.

Mort. Ay, there thou'rt right, what say'st thou (to another
Edvardum, Occidere nollite timeri bonum est.

Chan. Say to't, why if he persists he must have it: I'll consider it my Lord, I'll weigh it maturely, and if it be requisite ----

Mort. If it be requisite, dull thing, it is, he once
Remov'd, the Queen we rule at Pleasure,
And *Mortimer* and *Tarleton* will have both
The Power of Kings, tho' not the Glorious Title.

Chan. Well, well, my Lord, these Knaves dispatch'd, we shall not boggle at a greater Matter, I'll to the Judge, and we'll consult the best.

A decay'd Statesman is a wretched thing,
'Tis Flattery and ill Actions which prefers us,
And we have Flatterers too which thrive by us;
For the same reason we do by our Prince,
Power makes us Knaves, we're honest out of Service,
But when our Princes Favours fall away,
Nothing so despicable or so unregarded,
Therefore 'tis Policy when once we're in,
To finish by those Rules we did begin. [*Exit.*

Mort. Nature which gav'st me Soul so long for (Power,
Accomplish what is promis'd by this Night,
And whilst my Creatures act this Murdering Scene,
I'll Revel in the Arms of the fond Queen.
A Crown thou Centre of Ambition, Lust,
Thou'rt the Reward o'th Brave as well as Just;
And let the Factions 'gainst my Title roar,
I'll quickly quell Disputes when once I've Power. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *King* Edward, Mountacute, *Bishop of* Salisbury, Delamore *and* Holland.

King. Was ever Treason so unnatural?
A Mother's Hand to sign her Son's Destruction,
Now I'm convinc'd who set my Father going.
Dela. Fate, Sir, has put your Life in your own (Hands,
And shews by this Discovery how 'tis priz'd;
Neglect not such a Blessing, but improve it,
Strike early, or you may repent your Sloth.
King. Good Heav'n! how much I owe you for (this Safety,
And the kind Instrument you chuse to work it;
Oh, *Mountacute*, I stand so much indebted,
I fear I want Rewards to recompence,
Yet I'll consider till I've tired Thought
To gratify thy Love and Loyalty.
Moun. The Virgin who preserv'd you, Sir, you (owe it to,
Make her amends, my Duty is my Payment;
But, Sir, resolve apace, each Moment is impor- (tant.
King. I will, we'll force the Castle.
Dela Hold, Sir.
When I was Governor I found a Place,
Which now may be of admirable use,
There is a private, deep, but narrow Vault,
Whose dismal rough unshapen way,
Was surely torn only with Hands by a dark Guess;
For 'tis so strange, no Light could guide the (Making,
'Twas work'd by Prisoners sure for Liberty,
For in the lowest Dungeon it begins,
And has a Passage but just by the River,

There

There we muſt enter, and when we have reach'd (the Goal,
The part o'th' Palace over it is *Mortimer's.*

King. What follows?

Dela. I'th' Ceiling is a Place with ruſty Bolts,
Which formerly, no doubt, was a Trap-door, (it,
But for what Uſe they beſt muſt know who made
This we may force, and ſo ſurprize the Villain.

Mount. 'Tis a good Stratagem.

King. Let's inſtantly about it.

Holl. I think 'twere better that your Majeſty,
With ſome o'th' Lords, and me, ſecure the City,
While *Mountacute* and *Delamore*, with a good (Guard,
Paſs this ſame Vault.

[*My Lord of* Leiceſter, *with a Party, force the Guards of the Queen's ſide.*

Dela. 'Tis prudently adviſ'd.

King. Each to his Task then, *Mortimer* we come,
This Night begins my Reign and ſeals thy Doom.

SCENE III.

The Queen's Apartment.

Enter Iſabella *and* Mortimer.

Mort. Thus ſoft and ſecure we taſte the Joys of Love,
Whilſt buſy Politicians plot for Intereſt,
Whoſe akeing Brains dances the Rounds of State,
And all to get the Title of a Knave:
The Soldier now lies hard for gaudy Honour,
Endures the raw rough Blaſt of Winters Seaſon,
With all the harſh Neceſſities of Camps;
And for the Name of Gallantry and Great,

After

After a long Escape provokes his Fate:
But Love.

Queen. Ay, that, my *Mortimer's* above 'em all,
Who envies Honour that is rich in Love?
Mercy, which is the Attribute of Heav'n,
The first Creator of it sure was Love,
And Pity is the Instinct of its Passion.
Love makes the Vulgar proud, the noble Gods,
The Gods themselves, if Strangers to Love's Joys,
Their much-admir'd *Elizium* is imperfect.

Mort. Some Musick for my Charmer, let us indulge
And gratify our Souls Luxuriously:
Raptures unknown the Harmony shall raise,
Our Hearts shall beat the Measures of the Time,
And tender Sighs eccho each artful Note,
Till our soft Murmurs fall by soft Degrees,
And die like o'er-charg'd Flutes with too much playing.

Queen. I cannot answer as I ought but thus.
[*Embraces.*

A Song. *After the Song* Mountacute, Delamore, *and Attendants come from under the Stage.*

Mort. Now let's to our Repose my softest Love,
This Night ends all our Fears, and I have those
Whose Hands, before the Moon has gone her Race,
Will have our Enemies all in Possession:
Young snarling *Mountacute*, that hot-bred Boy,
With his old Councellor, close *Delamore*, shall
Smart, my *Isabella.* [*A Clashing of Swords.*
Ha! what means this Noise, my Guards? What ho——
Death, it grows lowder, Are they all engag'd?
Treason, Treason.

Enter

Enter Turrington *bloody.*

Why that diſmal Object?

Tur. Shift for your ſelf, Sir, all's betray'd and loſt;
The King and *Leiceſter* have cut off your Guards,
The City's at the Gates and ſhout him King;
Burn *Mortimer*, fire the Queen.—I can no more,
But that I ever lov'd you, let this witneſs. [*Dies.*

Queen. Oh Heavens! what ſhall we do?
Here, my beſt Life, there is a Vault
That will convey thee. (Place

Mount. We will convey him, Madam, to a
As ſafe as he deſign'd us.

Mort. Horror and Hell!

Queen. Oh ſpare my *Mortimer*, my gentle Son,

Mount. Madam, you are deceiv'd, he is not (come yet.

Del. Well, haughty Earl of *March*, what think (you now?

Mort. That I ſhall die; thou'rt anſwer'd to thy

Queen. O ye malicious Powers! (Mind.

Mount. Sir *Tho.* let's withdraw;
No doubt theſe Lovers have a Leave to take,
We will not ſeparate 'em too abruptly;
Call when you're ready, Sir, I ſhan't be out o'th
You, Sirs, ſecure the Vault. (way.

Mort. I ſcorn thy Inſolence,
And *Mountacute*, I'll fall ſo nobly [*Ex.* Moun. Del.
That thou ſhalt loſe thy Ends in my calm Suf-

Queen. Oh *Mortimer!* (ferance,

Mort. Oh *Iſabella!*

Queen. I know not how to look or ſpeak,
For I have brought this on thee,
My Love has tempted thee to taſte Ambition,
And thou haſt follow'd me in all thy Actions.

Mort. Thus the firſt Pair their Miſeries ſur- (veigh'd,
When

When from their bleſſed *Eden* they were driven;
Their Eyes ſeem'd to accuſe 'em of the Fact;
But Love in each, pitied the Crime in both;
She tempted him to make him bleſs'd like her,
And when he found her Ruin, urg'd his own.
But oh much happier was their Puniſhment,
They both were curs'd, but they were curs'd to-
(gether,
And ſuffering both alike, neither were wretched.

Queen. I will not long out-live thee, for I can-
(not,
Thou wert the Prop on which my Hopes did hang,
Like curious Buildings wrought by wond'rous
(Art,
Where the vaſt Frame's ſupported by one Pinn,
But that ſtruck out I ſhatter all to Ruin.

Mort. No, live my Queen, thou may'ſt be hap-
(py long,
'Tis only I muſt bleed, my Blood's the Cure,
And 'tis impoſſible it can be ſpar'd;
But, *Iſabella*, when thou ſhalt retire,
For oh I fear too much they will confine thee,
Think on thy *March*, and pardon his Ambition,
For nothing but my Fondneſs has betray'd thee,
A vaſt Exceſs of Love to make thee great,
To ſet thee out o'th Reach of thy Son's Power,
Leſt he might ſlight thee as his Father did.

Queen. Oh angry Heavens, you've puniſh'd us
(ſeverely,
The Proſpect of our Greatneſs has undone us;
The glittering Shew has drawn us out too far,
And we're ſurpriz'd juſt as we thought to graſp it,
Like Voyagers ſeduc'd by a fair Sea,
A temperate Air, the Sky ſerene and clear,
Juſt as they have their wiſh'd for Shore in view,
By ſudden Storms the tatter'd Bark is toſs'd,
And all within the ſight of Land are loſt.

Mort.

Mort. He comes, thy Son approaches;
Farewel to all that's dear,
I leave a certain Heaven, to go I know not where.

Enter King, Mountacute, Delamore, Holland, Chancellor *and* Serjeant.

King. Seize the vile Traitor, hurry him down (the Dungeon,
There let him groan till Day, and then he dies.

Queen. Oh ſpare him, ſpare him, baniſh us to- (gether,
But do not take his Life, thy Mother pleads.

King. Thou Scandal of my Blood---- Remove (the Queen.

Queen. The Queen! Am I not thy Mother?
Oh hear me.

King. I'm deaf, away.

Queen. May Heaven forget thy Prayers when (thou ſhalt plead,
And may thy Mother's Curſe hang on thy Head.
[*Exit.*

King. Now Chancellor for thee:
Thou Shame of Church and Juſtice,
What canſt thou ſay?

Chan. Nothing, but beg for Mercy; for if your Majeſty conſiders I have been but a Tool, and am not the firſt Stateſman that has been compell'd to be a Knave by Court-Minions. (thine.

King. No, *Hereford*, my Father's Blood requires
Away with him, unfurniſh him of all thoſe Robes,
And give him ſuch as fit his Wickedneſs.
The Nation muſt be ſatisfy'd, and thou muſt die;
Prepare for't, Prelate. (Miſchiefs,

Chan. This 'tis to be too emminent in State-
Others that wiſh'd as well to the Cauſe as I,
Will 'ſcape for not acting ſo publickly. [*Exit.*

Serj.

Serj. Ay! that Chancellor, I'm afraid, will not die alone; I am damnably afraid his Grace, to make up his Equipage, muſt have a Chief-Juſtice that we may ſwing in Figure.

Mountacute *brings in* Maria.

Mount. Now, Sir, I claim your Promiſe,
This Virgin is what we owe our Lives to;
Her Birth you've been acquainted with,
And by what Means ſhe was compell'd to live (with the Chancellor;
And ſure 'twas Providence which plac'd her here (for all our Benefits:
I beg her for my Wife.

King. She's yours, and to make her welcome,
I inveſt her with all the Chancellor's Eſtate,
And Viſcount *Mountacute* be Earl of *Salisbury.*

Mount. Thus let us thank your Majeſty.
[*Both kneel.*

King. Riſe both;

Mari. No, Royal Sir, I have one Boon to beg,
That old Man's Life, my Uncle, tho' an ill one;
Nor has he acted ought, whate'er was propos'd;
And ſince my Being has made me the Inſtrument
Of what's diſcover'd, I humbly would entreat---

King. Thou ſhalt not plead in vain, he's ſafe, and if he can be honeſt we may, in time, take care of him.

Serj. I humbly thank your Majeſty, and will ſtudy to deſerve this Mercy: I am not the firſt Knave that has turn'd honeſt Man when he found his Roguery would do him no Good.

King. My Lord of *Leiceſter*, *Delamore*, *Exeter* *Holland*, and all ſhall ſhare our Favours: (and
May you continue as you have begun,
The Parliament's at hand: If they encourage me,
As I expect; they ſhall be ſatisfy'd how much I (love 'em.

Del. Doubt not their Duty, Sir.

King. To *Scotland* firſt I will an Army lead,
And check the Growing Miſchiefs which are ſpread;
That done, to *France* I will in Perſon go,
The Flower D'Luce ſhall to the Lyon bow;
If my kind Commoners are juſt and free,
I'll loſe my own or fix their Liberty:
Long have they ſuffer'd by their Foreign Foes,
And Evil Kings I fear has been the Cauſe:
Heav'n guide my Steps that our Records may tell,
How *Edward* did the inſulting *French* repell;
How *Engliſhmen* with Glory did return,
Whilſt *Gallick* Ruins did our Conqueſts mourn.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

IT is the Cuſtom of all City-Feaſts,
By printed Tickets to invite the Gueſts;
The Price is known, and who the Stewards are,
And nothing's private but the Bill of Fare,
Which we expoſe, the Fall of Mortimer.
For Plays are Feaſts, and every Scene ſhould be,
A different Courſe, ſtill freſh Variety:
But few obtain that Maſter-piece of Wit,
He's a rare Cook that can all Pallats hit;
For Ways of Eating alter with the Age,
And ſuch a peuking Stomach haunts the Stage;
Altho' the beſt of Artiſts ſtrive to pleaſe,
'Tis very ſeldom that they meet Succeſs,
You ſet aſide the moſt ſubſtantial Food,
Beef's groſs, and breeds the Scurvy in the Blood,
Nought but Ragoo's and Kickſhaws now are good;
Broken Remains toſs'd by the Monſieur's *Hand*
Are grown the Darling Viand of the Land:
Therefore, our Friend, leſt you ſhould think it ſtrange
To jump from an Extream into a Change,
With Satyr raiſes up his Meſſes high,
And interlards his Tale with Comedy:
But ſhould he fail, we doubt not but to find,
You to the Waiters always will be kind;
And ſince the Author who did this prepare,
Only expects your Liking for his Share,
Do not withdraw the Profit from the Player.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

Doctor Faustus,

Made into a

FARCE.

WITH THE

Humours of *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*:

As they were several times Acted

By Mr. *Lee* and Mr. *Jevon*,

AT THE

Queen's Theatre in *Dorset* Garden.

By Mr. *MOUNTFORT.*

Newly Reviv'd,

At the Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*,

With *Songs* and *Dances* between the Acts.

LONDON:

Printed for *G. STRAHAN* in *Cornhill*, and *W. MEARS* at the *Lamb* without *Temple-Barr.* MDCCXX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE LIFE and DEATH OF Doctor Faustus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Dr. Faustus *seated in his Chair, and reading in his Study.*

Good and bad Angel ready.

Faust. SETTLE thy Study, *Faustus*, and begin
To sound the Depth of that thou wilt profess;
These Metaphysicks of Magicians,
And Negromantick Books, are heav'nly
Lines, Circles, Letters, Characters,
Ay, these are those that *Faustus* most desires;

A ſound Magician is a Demi-God:
Here tire my Brains to get a Deity.

Mephoſtopholis *under the Stage.* *A good and bad Angel fly down.*

Good Ang. O *Fauſtus!* lay that damn'd Book aſide;
And gaze not on it, leſt it tempt thy Heart to Blaſphemy.

Bad Ang. Go forward, *Fauſtus*, in that famous Art
Wherein all Nature's Treaſure is contain'd:
Be thou on Earth as *Jove* is in the Sky,
Lord and Commander of theſe Elements.

Spirits aſcend.

Fauſt. How am I glutted with Conceit of this!
Shall I make Spirits fetch me what I pleaſe?
I'll have 'em fly to *India* for Gold,
Ranſack the Ocean for Orient Pearl.
I'll have 'em Wall all *Germany* with Braſs:
I'll levy Soldiers with the Coin they bring,
And chaſe the Prince of *Parma* from our Land.
'Tis now the Dead high Noon of Night,
And *Lucifer* his Spirits Freedom gives;
I'll try if in this Circle I can raiſe
A *Dæmon* to inform me what I long for.
Sint mihi Dii Acherontis propitii, Orientis Princeps, Beelzebub, German. Demogorgon. [Thunders.]
Mephoſtopholis, Mephoſtopholis, ſurgat Spiritus.
Mephoſtophilis *ſpeaks under Ground.* [Thunders.
Meph. Fauſtus, I attend thy Will.
Fauſt. Where art thou?
Meph. Here. [*A Flaſh of Light.*
Scar. Within, Oh, oh, oh.
Fauſt. What Noiſe is that? Haſt thou any Companions with thee?

Meph.

Meph. No.

Fauſt. It comes this way.

Scar. Oh, oh, oh.---

Enter Scaramouch.

Fauſt. What ail'ſt thou?

Scar. Oh, oh, oh.

Fauſt. Speak, Fellow, What's the matter?

Scar. O poor *Scaramouch!*

Fauſt. Speak, I conjure thee; or *Acherontis Dii Demogorgon.*----

Scar. O I beſeech you Conjure no more, for I am frighted into a *Diabetes* already.

Fauſt. Frighted, at what?

Scar. I have ſeen, Oh, oh----

Fauſt. What?

Scar. The Devil.

Fauſt. Art ſure it was the Devil?

Scar. The Devil, or the Devil's Companion: He had a Head like a Bull's, with Horns on; and two Eyes that glow'd like the Balls of a dark Lantern: His Hair ſtood a Tiptoe, like your new-faſhion'd Top-knots; with a Mouth as large as a King's Beef-Eater: His Nails was as ſharp as a *Welſh-man's* in a Paſſion; and he look'd as frightful as a Serjeant to an *Alſatian.*

Fauſt. But why art thou afraid of the Devil?

Scar. Why I never ſaid my Prayers in all my Life, but once; and that was when my damn'd Wife was ſick, that ſhe might die: My Ears are as deaf to good Counſel, as *French* Dragoons are to Mercy; And my Conſcience wants as much ſweeping as a Cook's Chimney; And I have as many Sins to anſwer for, as a Church-warden, or an Overſeer of the Poor.

Fauſt. Why, the Devil loves Sinners at his Heart.

Scar. Does he ſo?

Fauſt. He hates none, but the Virtuous, and the Godly; ſuch as faſt, and go to Church, and give Alms-deeds.

Scar. I never ſaw a Church in my Life, thank God, (I mean the Devil;) and for Faſting, it was always my Abomination; and for Alms, I never gave any thing in my Life, but the Itch once to a Pawn-broker: Therefore I hope he may love me.

Fauſt. And he ſhall love thee; I'll bring thee acquainted with him.

Scar. Acquainted with the Devil!

Fauſt. Ay; *Tanto metropontis Acherontis.*

Scar. Oh, oh, oh

Fauſt. Fear nothing; *Mephoſtopholis*, be viſible.

[Scaramouch *ſinks behind the Doctor, and peeps his Head out behind the Slip of his Gown. A Devil riſes in Thunder and Lightning.*

I charge thee to be gone, and change thy Shape, thou art too ugly to attend on me. I find there's Virtue in my Charm; Come, riſe up, Fool, the Devil's gone. [*The Devil ſinks.*

Scar. The Devil go with him.

Fauſt. Fear nothing, I command the Devil: If thou wilt leave thy Chimney ſweeping Trade, and live with me, thou ſhalt have Meat and Drink in Plenty; and 40 Crowns a Year ſhall be thy Wages; I'll make thee learned in the Black Art.

Scar. I am a Student in that already: But let me conſider, good Meat and Drink, and 40 Crowns a Year. Then I'll change my Black Art for yours.

Fauſt. There's Earneſt, thou art now my Servant; diſpoſe of thy Brooms and Poles, they'll be uſeleſs to thee here; take this Key, go into my Study, and clean; take all the Books you find ſcatter'd about, and range 'em orderly upon the Shelves.

Scar.

Scar. Happy *Scaramouch*, now mayst thou Swear, Lye, Steal, Drink and Whore; for thy Master is the Devil's Master, and thou in time may'st master 'em both. [*Exit* Scaram.

Enter Mephostopholis.

Meph. Now, *Faustus*, what would'st thou have with me?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
And do whatever *Faustus* shall command.

Meph. Ay, *Faustus*, so I will, if thou wilt purchase me of *Lucifer*.

Faust. What says *Lucifer*, thy Lord? (lives,

Meph. That I shall wait on *Faustus* whilst he
So thou wilt buy my Service with thy Blood.

Faust. Already *Faustus* has hazarded that for (thee.

Meph. Ay, but thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a Deed of Gift with it;
For that Security craves *Lucifer*.
If thou deny it, I must back to Hell.

Bad Ang. But *Faustus*, if I shall have thy Soul,
I'll be thy Slave, and worship thy Commands,
And give thee more than thou hast Will of.

Faust. If he will spare me four and twenty Years,
Letting me live in all Voluptuousness,
To have thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
And tell me whatsoever I demand;
On these Conditions I resign it to him.

Meph. Then, *Faustus*, stab thy Arm couragiously,
And bind thy Soul, that at some certain Day
Great *Lucifer* may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as *Lucifer*.

Faust. Lo, *Mephostopholis*, for Love of thee, (*Faustus* has cut

His

His Arm, and with his proper Blood
Aſſures his Soul to be great *Lucifer's*.

Meph. But, *Fauſtus*, write it in a Manner of a Deed and Gift.

Fauſt. Ay, ſo I do; but, *Mephoſtopholis*, my Blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee Fire to diſſolve it ſtrait.

[*Exit.*

Fauſt. What might the ſtaying of my Blood portend,
It is unwilling I ſhould write this Bill.

Good and bad Angels deſcend.

Good An. Yet, *Fauſtus*, think upon thy precious Soul.

Bad An. No, *Fauſtus*, think of Honour and of Wealth.

Fauſt. Of Wealth! Why all the *Indies*, *Ganges*, ſhall be mine!

Good An. No, *Fauſtus*, everlaſting Tortures ſhall be thine.

Bad An. No, *Fauſtus*, everlaſting Glory ſhall be thine.
The World ſhall raiſe a Statue of thy Name,
And on it write, This, this is he that could command the World.

[*Good Angel aſcends, bad Angel deſcends.*

Fauſt. Command the World! Ay, *Fauſtus*, think on that.
Why ſtreams not then my Blood that I may write?
Fauſtus gives to thee his Soul; Oh! there it ſtops.
Why ſhouldſt thou not? Is not thy Soul thy own?

Enter Mephoſtopholis *with a Chafer of Fire.*

Meph. See, *Fauſtus*, here is Fire, ſeal it on.

Fauſt. So now the Blood begins to clear again.

Meph. What is't I would not do to obtain his Soul?

Fauſt.

Faust. *Consummatum est*; the Bill is ended.
But what is this Inscription on my Arm?
Homo fuge; Whither shall I fly?
My Senses are deceiv'd, here's nothing writ;
O yes, I see it plain, even here is writ
Homo fuge; yet shall not *Faustus* fly,
Meph. I'll call up something to delight his Mind.

SONG. Mephostopholis *waves his Wand. Enter several Devils, who present Crowns to* Faustus, *and after a Dance, vanish.*

Faust. What means this then?
Meph. 'Tis to delight thy Mind, and let thee see
What Magick can perform.
Faust. And may I raise such Spirits when I please.
Meph. Ay, *Faustus*, and do greater Things than these.
Faust. Then, *Mephostopholis*, receive this Deed of Gift;
But yet conditionally, that thou perform all
Covenants and Articles herein subscribed.
Meph. I swear by Hell, and *Lucifer*, to effect all
Promises between us both.
Faust. Then take it.
Meph. Do you deliver it as your Deed and Gift?
Faust. Ay, and the Devil do you good on't.
Meph. So, now, *Faustus*, ask what thou wilt.
Faust. Then let me have a Wife.

Faustus *waves his Wand, and a Woman-Devil rises. Fire-works about whirls round, and sinks.*

Faust. What Sight is this?
Meph. Now, *Faustus*, wilt thou have a Wife?
Faust. Here's a hot Whore indeed, I'll have no Wife.
Meph. Marriage is but a Ceremonial Toy;
I'll cull thee out the fairest Curtezans,

And

And bring 'em every Morning to thy Bed:
She whom thy Eye ſhall like, thy Heart ſhall have.

Fauſt. Then, *Mephoſtopholis*, let me behold the famous *Hellen*, who was the Occaſion of great *Troy*'s Deſtruction.

Meph. *Fauſtus*, thou ſhalt. [*Waves his Wand, enters.*

Fauſt. O *Mephoſtopholis!* what would I give to gain a Kiſs from off thoſe lovely Lips.

Meph. *Fauſtus thou may'ſt.* [*He kiſſes her.*

Fauſt. My Soul is fled; come *Hellen*, come, give me my Soul again; ſhe's gone. [*He goes to kiſs her again, and ſhe ſinks.*

Meph. Women are ſhy you know at the firſt Sight; but come, *Fauſtus*, command me ſomewhat elſe.

Fauſt. Then tell me, Is Hell ſo terrible as Church-men write it?

Meph. No, *Fauſtus*, 'tis Glorious as the upper World; but that we have Night and Day, as you have here: Above, there's no Night.

Fauſt. Why ſighs my *Mephoſtopolis*, I think Hell's a meer Fable.

Meph. Ay, think ſo ſtill.

Fauſt. Tell me who made the World?

Meph. I will not.

Fauſt. Sweet *Mephoſ.*

Meph. Move me no further.

Fauſt. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any thing.

Meph. That's not againſt our Kingdom, this is: Thou art loſt; think thou of Hell.

Fauſt. Think, *Fauſtus*, upon him that made the World.

Meph. Remember this. [*Sinks.*

Fauſt. Ay, go accurſed Spirit to ugly Hell,
'Tis thou haſt damn'd diſtreſſed *Fauſtus* Soul:
I will repent: Ha! [*Goes to his Books.*

This

This Bibles fast, but here's another:

[*They both fly out of his Hand, and a flaming Thing appears written, &c.*

Is't not too late? [*Ring. Good and bad Angel descends.*

Bad An. Too late.

Good An. Never too late, if *Faustus* will repent.

Bad An. Faustus, behold, behold thy Deed; if thou repent, Devils will tear thee in Pieces.

Good An. Repent, and they shall never raze thy Skin. [*Scene shuts, Ang. descends.*

Scene changes to the Street.

Enter Harlequin.

Harl. This must be Mr. Doctor's House; I'll make bold to knock: My Heart fails me already.

[Harlequin *opens the Door, peeps about, and shuts it.*

I begin to tremple at the Thoughts of seeing the Devil. [*Knocks again.*] Here's a great Resort of Devils, the very Doors smell of Brimstone: I'll e'en back — No, I'll be a Man of Resolution: But if Mr. Doctor should send a Familiar to open the Door, in what Language should I speak to the Devil? [*Knocks.*

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. peeping. This is some malicious Spirit, that will not let me alone at my Study; but I'll go in, and con my Book. [*Exit.*

Harl. I believe Mr. Doctor is very busy; but I'll rap this time with Authority.

[Harlequin *raps at the Door*, Scaramouch *peeps out*: Harlequin *strikes him, and jumps back, runs frighted off.*

Scene

Scene changes to a Room in the Doctor's House.

Enter Scaramouch, *with a Book, in the Doctor's Gown.*

Scar. I have left the Door open to ſave the Devil the Labour of Knocking, if he has a mind to come in: For I am reſolv'd not to ſtir from my Book; I found it in the Doctor's Cloſet, and know it muſt contain ſomething of the Black Art.

Enter Harlequin.

Harl. O here's Mr. Doctor himſelf; he's reading ſome conjuring Book. *Ide fain jecit.*

Scar. This muſt be a conjuring Book by the hard Words: *AB, EB, IB, OB, UB. BA, BO, BU, BI.*

Harl. It's a Child's Primmer. [Harlequin *looks over him.*

Scar. The Devil, the Devil; be gone, avoid Satan. [*Runs off.*

Harl. O the Devil! Now will I lye as if I were dead, and let the Devil go hunt for my Soul. [*Lyes down.*

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. I have learn'd to raiſe the Devil, but how the Devil ſhall I do to lay him. Ha! what's here, a dead Body? The Devil aſſum'd this Body, and when I began to mutter my Prayers, he was in ſuch Haſte he left his Carcaſs behind him. Ha! it ſtirs; No, twas but my Fancy.

[Scaram. *lifts up all his Limbs, and lets 'em fall, whilſt* Harl. *hits him on the breech, lifts his Head, which falls gently.*

All's

All's dead but's Head. [*Sets him upright.*
The Devil! the Devil! Be gone; what art thou?

Harl. A poor unfortunate Devil.

Scar. The Devil! *Avant* then *Hogon mogon ſtrogon.*

Harl. O good Mr. Doctor, conjure up no more Devils and I'll be gone, or any thing.---- I came only to ask your Black Artſhip a Queſtion.

Scar. No, this is not the Devil. Who art thou? Whence comeſt thou? What's thy Buſineſs, quick, or *Hogon ſtrogon?*

Harl. Hold, hold, hold, I am poor *Harlequin*: By the Learned I am called *Zane*, by the vulgar *Jack-Pudding*. I was late Fool to a Mountebank; and laſt Night, in the miſtaking the Pipkin, I eat up a Pot of *Bolus* inſtead of Haſty-Pudding; and devour'd three Yards of *Diaculum* Plaiſter inſtead of Pancake, for which my Maſter has turn'd me out of Doors inſtead of Wages: Therefore, to be reveng'd, I come to hire a Devil or two of you, Mr. Doctor, of a ſtrong Conſtitution, that may ſwallow up his Turpentine Pills as faſt as he makes 'em, that he may never cure poor Whore more of a Clap; and then he'll be undone, for they are his chief Patients.

Scar. What Practice has he?

Harl. Why his Buſineſs is to patch up rotten Whores againſt the Term for Country Lawyers, and Attorneys Clerks; and againſt *Chriſtmas*, *Eaſter* and *Whitſun* Holidays, for City Apprentices; and if his Pill be deſtroy'd, 'twill ruin him in one Term.

Scar. Come in; and for a Crown a Week I'll let thee out a Devil, as they do Horſes at Livery, ſhall ſwallow him a Peck of Pills a Day, though every one were as big as a Pumpkin; and make nothing of a *Bolus* for a Breakfaſt.

Harl.

Harl. O brave Mr. Doctor! O dainty Mr. Devil!

Scar. Seigniora. [*Here they Complement who ſhall go firſt.*

ACT II.

Fauſtus *in his Study.*

Good and bad Angel deſcend.

Good An. FAuſtus, Repent; yet Heav'n will pity thee.

Bad An. Thou art a Spirit, Heav'n cannot pity thee.

Fauſt. Who buzzes in my Ear? I am a Spirit; be I a Devil, yet Heaven can pity me; Yea Heaven will pity me, if I repent.

Bad An. Ay, but *Fauſtus* never ſhall repent.

Good An. Sweet *Fauſtus* think of Heav'n, and heavenly Things. [*Aſcends.*

Fauſt. My Heart is hard'ned, I cannot repent. Scarce can I name Salvation, Faith, or Heav'n, But I am pinch'd, and prick'd, in thouſand Places. Oh help diſtreſſed *Fauſtus!*

Lucifer, Beelzebub, *and* Mephoſtopholis *riſes.*

Luc. None can afford thee help; for only I have Intereſt in thee, *Fauſtus.*

Fauſt. Oh! What art thou, that looks ſo terrible?

Luc. I am *Lucifer*, and this is my Companion Prince in Hell.

Beel. We are come to tell thee thou doſt injure us.

Luc.

Luc. Thou call'ſt on Heav'n contrary to thy Promiſe.

Beel. Thou ſhould'ſt not think on Heav'n.

Fauſt. Nor will I henceforth, pardon him for this, And *Fauſtus* vows never to look to Heav'n.

Beel. So ſhalt thou ſhew thy ſelf a faithful Servant, And we will highly gratify thee for it.

Fauſt. Thoſe Words delight my Soul.

Luc. Fauſtus, we are come in Perſon to ſhew thee Paſtime; ſit down, and thou ſhalt behold the Seven deadly Sins in their own proper Shapes and Likeneſs.

Fauſt. That Sight will be as pleaſant to my Eye, as Paradiſe to *Adam* the firſt Day of his Creation.

Beel. Talk not of Paradiſe, but mind the Show. Go *Mephoſtopholis*, and fetch 'em in; and, *Fauſtus*, queſtion 'em their Names.

Enter Pride.

Fauſt. What art thou?

Pride. I am *Pride*; I was begot by Diſdain and Affectation. I always took the Wall of my Betters; had ever the firſt Cut, or elſe would not eat: I ſcorn'd all Advice, never thought any one handſom but my ſelf; had the beſt Pue in the Church, though a Tradeſman's Wife; and at laſt died of the Spleen, for want of a Coach and ſix Horſes. Why is not thy Room perfum'd, and ſpread with Cloth of *Tiſſue*? What muſt you ſit, and I ſtand? Riſe up Brute.

Fauſt. Go, thou art a proud Slut indeed. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Covetouſneſs.

Now what art thou the Second?

Cov. I am *Covetouſneſs*; I was begot by a cloſe Fiſt, and a griping Heart, in a Uſurer's Cheſt. I never eat, to ſave Charges: This Coat has cover'd me for Fourſcore Winters: This Beard has ſeen as many more. I never ſlept in my Life, but always watch'd my Gold.

Fauſt. What wert thou on Earth?

Cov. I was firſt an Exciſeman, and cheated the King and Country; then I was a Baker, and from every Neighbour's Loaf I ſtole two Pound, and ſwore 'twas ſhrunk in the Oven. I was a Vintner, and by bribing of Queſt-men had leave to ſell in Pint-Bottles for Quarts: At laſt I was a Horſe-courſer, made *Smithfield* too hot to hold me, and rid Poſt to the Devil: Give me ſome Gold, Father. [*Exit*

Enter Envy.

Fauſt. What art thou the Third?

Envy. I am *Envy*; begot by a Chimney-ſweeper upon an Oyſter-wench. I cannot read, and wiſh all Books burnt. I always curſe the Government that I was not preferr'd; and was a Malecontent in Three Kings Reigns. I am lean with ſeeing others eat; and I wiſh the Devil would make a Sponge of thy Heart, to wipe out the Score of my Sins.

Enter Wrath.

Fauſt. Out envious Wretch; what art thou the Fourth?

Wra.

Wra. I am *Wrath*; I had neither Father nor Mother, but leap'd out of a Lion's Mouth when I was ſcarce an Hour old. I always abhorr'd the Art of Patience, and curs'd all Fiſher-men. I beat my Wife for my Pleaſure; curſt Heaven in my Paſſion, 'cauſe it gave me no Fortune, and was hang'd for a Rape on a *Scotch* Pedlar. [*Exit.*

Enter Gluttony.

Fauſt. What art thou the Fifth?

Glut. I am *Gluttony*; begot by a Plow-man on a Waſher-woman, who devour'd a *Chedder*-Cheeſe in two Hours. I am of a Royal Pedigree: My Grand-father was a Sur-loin of Beef, and my Mother a Gammon of Bacon: My Siſters were Sows, which ſupply'd me with Pork: My Brothers were Calves, which afforded me Veal: My God-fathers were *Peter* Pickled-Herring, and *Michael* Milk-Porredge; My God-mothers were *Suſan* Salt-butter, and *Margery* Sous'd-Hog's-Face. Now, *Fauſtus*, thou haſt heard my Pedigree, wilt thou invite me to Supper?

Fauſt. Not I.

Glut. Then the Devil choak thee.

Enter Sloth.

Fauſt. What art thou the Sixth?

Slo. Hey ho! I am *Sloth*; I was begotten at Church by a ſleepy Judge on a Coſtermonger's Wife, in the middle of a long Sermon. I am as lazy as a Fiſhmonger in the Dog-days, or a Parſon in *Lent*: I would not ſpeak another Word for a King's Ranſom.

Enter

Enter Leachery.

Fauſt. And what are you, Mr. *Minks*, the Seventh and Laſt?

Leach. I am one that love an Inch of Raw Mutton better than an Ell of fry'd Stock-fiſh, and the firſt Letter of my Name begins with *Leachery*.

[*Exit.*

Fauſt. This Sight delights my Soul.

Luc. Fauſtus, in Hell are all manner of Delights.

Fauſt. O might I ſee Hell once, and return ſafe.

Luc. Fauſt, thou ſhalt; give me thy Hand.
Hence let's deſcend, and we will *Fauſtus* ſhow
The mighty Pleaſures in the World below.

[*Vaniſhes.*

SCENE *Changes.*

Enter Harlequin *and* Scaramouch *in the Doctor's Gown; a Wand, and a Circle.*

Scar. So, now am I in my *Pontificalibus*: Now can I ſhew my Black Art; for I have found that heavenly Book which *Fauſtus* uſed to raiſe the Dead in: Come, ſtand within this Circle.

Har. 'Tis time to conjure, for I am almoſt famiſh'd. We have faſted like Prieſts for a Miracle.

Scar. I'll make thee amends preſently; I'll conjure up a Spirit, ask what thou wilt thou ſhalt have it.

Har. Let me alone for asking.

Scar. Be very earneſt with him, and intreat mightily.

Har. I'll intreat earneſtly.

Scar.

Scar. Silence. *Sint mihi Dii Acherontis propitii Nobis Diccatus Mephostopholis, &c.*

Mephostopholis *rises.*

Meph. How am I tortur'd by these Villains Charms?
From *Constantinople* have they brought me now,
Only for Measure of these idle Slaves? What
Would you with *Mephostopholis?*

Scar. We'd know how Dr. *Faustus* does.

Meph. Well.

Scar. When comes he home?

Meph. Within two Days.

Scar. What was he doing when you left him?

Meph. He was at Supper, eating good Chear.

Har. Good Mr. Devil, tell him we are almost starv'd; and desire him to send us some of his good Chear.

Meph. Is that all?

Har. Some Wine too?

Meph. What else?

Har. What else? Why if Fornication ben't against your Commandments, we would have some live Flesh; a handsom Wench.

Scar. Only for a third Person, and please your Damnation.

Meph. You shall have your Desires.

Har. We desire your Mephostopholiship too, not to let us stay the Roasting and Boiling of any thing: For we are as eager as the Wine in *Smithfield*, and want no whetting.

Meph. You shall.

Scaramouch *and* Harlequin *pulls off their Caps.*

Now if your mighty Darkness would please to retire.

Meph. Farewell. [*Vanish.*

Scara-

Scaramouch *ſteps out of the Circle, and ſtruts about.*

Scar. Now how do you like my Art?

Har. O rare Art! O divine Mr. Doctor *Scaramouch!* If the Devil be as good as his Word, I'll owe him a good Turn as long as I live, But I wiſh our third Perſon would come.

A Giant riſes.

Ha! What's here?

Gi. I am ſent by *Pluto* to bear you Company.

Har. Is this his third Perſon? Or is it three Generations in one? Come you from *Guild-hall*, Sir?

Gi. No, Mortal, from the *Stygian* Lake. I am the Giant which St. *George* deſtroy'd; and in the Earth have been decaying ever ſince, but now am come to eat with you.

Scar. To pick up your Crums, Sir: You're heartily welcome.

Scaramouch *gets upon* Harlequin, *and ſalutes him.*

Gi. I have lain now within the *Stygian* Lake 2000 Years.

Scar. Your Honour is not much ſhrunk in the wetting.

Gi. But we loſe Time, and Dinner cools.

Har. Where is it?

Gi. In the next Room.

Scar. Will it pleaſe your Luſtineſs to lead the way?

Har. Will it pleaſe you then to make way for him?

Gi. I can divide my ſelf to ſerve my Friends?

[*Giant leaps in two.*

Breeches be you my Page, and follow me.

Harleq. *and* Scaram. *complement the Breeches.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers a Table furniſhed with Bottles of Wine, and a Veniſon Paſty, a Pot of Wild-Fowl,* &c.

Enter Scaramouch, Giant, *and* Harlequin.

Har. O heavenly Apparition!
Scar. Come, let's ſit down.

The upper Part of the Giant flies up, and the under ſinks and diſcovers a Woman in the Room.

Harlequin *and* Scaramouch *ſtart.*

Scar. Ha! What's here, a Woman?
Har. O happy Change! Madam, with your good Leave. [*Kiſſes.*
Scar. Never too late in good Breeding. [*Kiſſes.* Rare Wench! And as luſcious as Pig ſauce.
Har. Heav'n be prais'd for all.
[*Woman ſinks, a Flaſh of Lightning.*
Scar. Your unſeaſonable Thankfulneſs has robb'd us of our Strumpet.
Har. No matter, no matter; we ſhall meet her in the Cloiſters after the Fair. Come let's fall too. [*They put their Caps before their Faces.* Ha!
Scar. The Table runs away from us.
Har. We'll beſtow the Pains to follow it again; this I ſee is a running Banquet.
[*They put their Caps on again, the Table removes.*
Scar. I have found the Secret: We muſt not ſay Grace at the Devil's Feaſt.
Har. Come then let's fall too, *San*'s Ceremony; will you be Carver?

Scar. Every one for himſelf, I ſay.

Har. Ay, every one for himſelf, and God for us all. [*Table flies up into the Air.*

Scar. A Plague o'your Proverb; it has a Word in't muſt not be named.

Har. Ah, Mr. Doctor, do but entreat Mr. *Mephoſtopholis* to let the Table down to us, or ſend us to that, and I'll be his Servant as long as I live.

[*They are hoiſted up to the Table.*

Scar. and *Har.* Oh, oh, oh.

Scar. Now have a care of another Proverb. We go without our Supper.

Har. Nay, now I know the Devil's Humour, I'll hit him to a Hair: Pray, Mr. Doctor, cut up that Paſty.

Scar. I can't get my Knife into it, 'tis over-bak'd.

Har. Ay, 'tis often ſo: God ſends Meat, and the Devil ſends Cooks, [*Table flies down.*

Scar. Thou Varlet, doſt thou ſee what thy Proverb has done?

Har. Now could I curſe my Grandmother, for ſhe taught 'em me: Well, if ſweet *Mephoſtopholis* will be ſo kind as but to let us and the Table come together again, I'll promiſe never to ſay Grace, or ſpeak Proverb more, as long as I live.

[*They are let down to the Table.*

Scar. Your Prayers are heard, now be careful; for if I loſe my Supper by thy Negligence, I'll cut thy Throat.

Har. Do, and eat me when you have done. I am damnably hungry; I'll cut open this Paſty, while you open that Pot of Wild-fowl.

[Harlequin *takes off the Lid of the Paſty, and a Stag's Head peeps out; and out of the Pot of Fowl flies Birds.* Harlequin *and* Scaramouch *ſtart back, fall over their Chairs, and get up.*

Har. Here's the Neſt, but the Birds are flown: Here's Wine though, and now I'll conjure for a Sup-

Supper: I have a Sallad within of my own gathering in the Fields to Day.

Scar. Fetch it in; Bread, Wine, and a Sallad, may ſerve for a Collation.

Enter Harlequin *with a Tray of Sallad.*

Har. Come, no Ceremony among Friends. *Bon. fro.*

Scar. Sallad mal ajuſte; here's neither Fat nor Lean.

Har. O Mr. Doctor, neither Fat nor Lean in a Sallad!

Scar. Neither Oyl nor Vinegar.

Har. Oh! I'll fetch you that preſently.

[Harlequin *fetches a Chamber-pot of Piſs, and a Lamp of Oyl, and pours on the Sallad.*

Scar. O thy Sallad is nothing but Thiſtles and Nettles; and thy Oyl ſtinks worſe than *Arſefetito.*

Har. Bread and Wine be our Fare. Ha! the Bread's alive. [*Bread ſtirs.*

Scar. Or the Devil's in't. Hey! again. [*Bread ſinks.*

Har. My Belly's as empty as a Beggar's Purſe.

Scar. And mine as full of Wind as a Trumpeter's Cheeks. [*Table ſinks, and flaſh of Lightning.* But ſince we can't eat, let's drink: Come, here's Doctor *Fauſtus*'s Health.

Har. Ay, come; God bleſs Dr. *Fauſtus.*

[*Bottles fly up, and the Table ſinks.*

Scar. What, all gone! Here's a Banquet ſtole away like a City Feaſt. [*Muſick.*

Har. Ha! here's Muſick to delight us.

[*Two Chairs riſes*; Harlequin *and* Scaramouch *ſits down, and are caught faſt.*

Scar. Ha! the Devil! We are lock'd in.

Har. As faſt as a Counter-Rat.

Enter ſeveral Devils, who black Harlequin *and* Scaramouch's *Faces, and then ſquirt Milk upon them. After the Dance they both ſink.*

Scar. and *Har.* Oh, oh, oh.

ACT III.

SCENE, *A Wood.*

Enter Mephoſtopholis *and Dr.* Fauſtus.

Fauſt. HOW have I been delighted by thy Art; and in Twelve Years have ſeen the utmoſt Limits of the ſpacious World; feaſted my ſelf with all Varieties; pleaſur'd my Fancy with my Magick Art, and liv'd ſole Lord o'er every thing I wiſh'd for.

Meph. Ay, *Fauſtus*, is it not a ſplendid Life?

Fauſt. It is my Spirit; but prithee now retire, while I repoſe my ſelf within this Shade, and when I wake attend on me again.

Meph. Fauſt, I will. [*Exit.*

Fauſt. What art thou, *Fauſtus*, but a Man condemn'd: Thy Leaſe of Years expire apace; and, *Fauſtus*, then thou muſt be *Lucifer*'s: Here reſt my Soul, and in my Sleep my future State be buried.

Good and bad Angel deſcends.

(Heav'n.

Good An. Fauſtus, ſweet *Fauſtus*, yet remember
Oh! think upon the everlaſting Pain thou muſt
For all thy ſhort Space of Pleaſure, (endure,

Bad

Bad An. Illuſions, Fancies, *Fauſtus*; think o: (Earth
The Kings thou ſhalt command, the Pleaſures rule,
Be, *Fauſtus*, not a whining pious Fool. [*Aſcend.*

Enter Horſe-courſer.

Horſ. Oh! what a couz'ning Doctor was this I riding my Horſe into the Water, thinking ſome hidden Myſtery had been in 'em, found my ſelf on a Bundle of Straw, and was dragg'd by ſomething in the Water, like a Bailiff through a Horſe-Pond. Ha! he's a-ſleep: So ho, Mr. Doctor, ſo ho: Why Doctor, you couz'ning, wheedling, hypocritical, cheating, chouſing Son of a Whore; awake, riſe, and give me my Money again, for your Horſe is turn'd into a Bottle of Hay. Why, Sirrah, Doctor; 'sfooot I thing he's dead. Why Doctor Scab; you mangy Dog, [*Pulls him by the Leg.*] 'Zounds I'm undone, I have pull'd his Leg off.

Fauſt. O help! the Villain has undone me; Murder!

Horſ. Murder, or not Murder, now he has but one Leg I'll out-run him. [*Exit.*

Fauſt. Stop, ſtop him; ha, ha, ha, *Fauſtus* has his Leg again, and the Horſe-courſer a Bundle of Hay for his Forty Dollars. Come, *Mephoſtopholis*, let's now attend the Emperor.

Exit Fauſt. *and* Meph.

Enter Horſe-courſer *and* Carter, *with Pots of Ale.*

Cart. Here's to thee; and now I'll tell thee what I came hither for: You have heard of a Conjurer they call Doctor *Fauſtus*?

Horſ. Heard of him, a Plague take him, I have Cauſe to know him; Has he play'd any Pranks with you?

Cart. I'll tell thee; As I was going to the Market a while ago, with a Load of Hay, he met me, and ask'd me, What he ſhould give me for as much Hay as his Horſe would eat? Now, Sir, I thinking that a little would ſerve his Turn, bade him take as much as he would for Three Farthings.

Horſ. So.

Cart. So he preſently gave me Money, and fell to eating; and as I'm a curſen Man, he never left yeating and yeating, till he had yeaten up my whole Load of Hay.

Horſ. Now you ſhall hear how he ſerv'd me: I went to him Yeſterday to buy a Horſe of him, which I did; and he bad me be ſure not to ride him into the Water.

Cart. Good.

Horſ. Ads Wounds 'twas bad, as you ſhall hear; For I thinking the Horſe had ſome rare Quality that he would not have me know, what do me, I but rides him into the Water; and when I came juſt in the midſt of the River, I found my ſelf a ſtraddle on a Bottle of Hay.

Cart. O rare Doctor!

Horſ. But you ſhall hear how I ſerv'd him bravely for it; for finding him a-ſleep juſt now in a by-Field, I whoop'd and hallow'd in his Ears, but could not wake him; ſo I took hold of his Leg, and never left pulling till I had pull'd it quite off.

Cart. And has the Doctor but one Leg then? that's rare. But come, this is his Houſe, let's in and ſee for our Money; look you, we'll pay as we come back.

Horſ. Done, done; and when we have got our Money let's laugh at his one Leg: Ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt laughing.*

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. What, have the Rogues left my Pots, and run

run away, without paying their Reck'ning? I'll after 'em, cheating Villains, Rogues, Cut-purſes; rob a poor Woman, cheat the Spittle, and rob the King of his Exciſe; a parcel of Ruſtick, Clowniſh, Pedantical, High-ſhoe'd, Plow-jobbing Cart-driving, Pinch-back'd, Paralytick, Fumbling, Grumbling, Bellowing, Yellowing, Peaſe-picking, Stinking, Mangy, Runagate, Ill-begotten, Ill-contriv'd, Wry-mouth'd, Sqatrifying, Dunghill-raking, Coſtive, Snorting, Sweaty, Farting, Whaw-drover Dogs. [*Exit.*

Enter Fauſtus.

Fauſt. My Time draws near, and 20 Years are paſt: I have but Four poor Twelve-months for my Life, and then I am damn'd for ever.

Enter an Old Man.

Old M. O gentle *Fauſtus*, leave this damn'd Art; this Magick, that will charm thy Soul to Hell, and quite bereave thee of Salvation: Though thou haſt now offended like a Man, do not, oh do not perſiſt in't like a Devil. It may be this my Exhortation ſeems harſh, and all unpleaſant; let it not, for, gentle Son, I ſpeak in tender Love and Pity of thy future Miſery; and ſo have Hope that this my kind Rebuke, checking thy Body, may preſerve thy Soul.

Fauſt. Where art thou, *Fauſtus*? Wretch, what haſt thou done? O Friend, I feel thy Words to comfort my diſtreſſed Soul; retire, and let me ponder on my Sins. [Heart,

Old M. Fauſtus, I leave thee, but with Grief of Fearing thy Enemy will ne'er depart. [*Exit.*

Enter Mephoſtopholis.

Meph. Thou Traytor, I arreſt thee for Diſobedience to thy Sovereign Lord; revolt, or I'll in Piece-meal tear thy Fleſh.

Fauſt. I do repent I e'er offended him; torment, ſweet Friend, that old Man that durſt diſſwade me from thy *Lucifer.*

Meph. His Faith is great, I cannot touch his Soul; but what I can afflict his Body with I will.

Enter Horſe-courſer *and* Carter.

Horſ. We are come to drink a Health to your Wooden Leg.

Fauſt. My Wooden Leg! What doſt thou mean Friend?

Horſ. Ha, ha! he has forgot his Leg.

Cart. Pſha, 'tis not a Leg he ſtands upon. Pray, let me ask you one Queſtion; Are both your Legs Bed-fellows?

Fauſt. Why doſt thou ask?

Cart. Becauſe I believe you have a good Companion of one.

Horſ. Why, don't you remember I pull'd off one o'your Legs when you were a-ſleep?

Fauſt. But I have it again now I am awake.

Cart. Ads Wounds, had the Doctor three Legs! —— You, Sir, don't you remember you gave a Penny for as much Hay as your Horſe would eat, and then eat up my whole Load.

Horſ. Look you, Mr. Doctor, you muſt not carry it off ſo; I come to have the Money again I gave for the Ho-o-o- [Fauſtus *waves his Wand.*

Cart. And I come to be paid for my Load of Ha-a-a-

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O Mr. Doctor! do you harbour Rogues that bilk poor Folks, and won't pay their Reckonings? Who muſt pay me for A-a-a. [*Waves again.*

Enter

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. Mr. Doctor, I can't be quiet for your Devil Mr. *Me-o-a-* [*Waves again.*

[*Exeunt* Faustus *and* Mephostopholis. *They all stare at one another, and so go off, crying* O, o, o, o- *to the Emperor's Palace.*

Enter Emperor, Faustus, Gent. Guards, Benoolio *above.*

Emp. Wonder of Men, thrice Learned *Faustus*, Renown'd Magician, welcome to our Court; and as thou late didst promise us, I would behold the Famous *Alexander* fighting with his great Rival *Darius*, in their true Shapes, and State Majestical.

Faust. Your Majesty shall see 'em presently.

Ben. If thou bring'st *Alexander*, or *Darius* here, I'll be content to be *Actæon*, and turn my self to a Stag.

Faust. And I'll play *Diana*, and send you the Horns presently.

Enter Darius *and* Alexander; *they Fight:* Darius *falls.* Alexander *takes his Crown, and puts it on his Head.*

[*Exit.* Darius *sinks.*

Faust. Away, be gone; see, my Gracious Lord, what Beast is that that thrusts his Head out of yon Window.

Emp. O wond'rous Sight! see two Horns on young *Benoolio*'s Head; call him, Lords.

Lord. What, ho! *Benoolio.*

Ben. A Plague upon you, let me Sleep.

Lord. Look up, *Benoolio*, 'tis the Emperor calls.

Ben. The Emperor! O my Head.

Faust. And thy Horns hold, 'tis no matter for thy Head.

Ben. Doctor, this is your Villany.

Faust. O say not so, Sir; the Doctor has no Skill, if he bring *Alexander* or *Darius* here, you'll be *Actæon*, and turn to a Stag: Therefore, if it please your Majesty, I'll bring a Kennel of Hounds to hunt him. Ho! *Helmot*, *Argiron*, *Asterot*.

Ben. Hold, he'll raise a Kennel of Devils: Good, my Lord, intreat.

Emp. Prithee remove his Horns, he has done Pennance enough.

Faust. Away, and remember hereafter you speak well of Scholars.

Ben. If Scholars be such Cuckolds to put Horns upon honest Mens Heads, I'll ne'er trust smooth Face and small Band more: But if I been't reveng'd, may I be turn'd to a Gaping Oyster, and drink nothing but Salt-water.

Emp. Come, *Faustus*, in Recompence of this high Desert, thou shalt command the State of *Germany*, and live belov'd of mighty *Carolus*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE, *A Garden.*

Lord. Nay, sweet *Benvolio*, let us sway thy Thoughts from this Attempt against the Conjurer.

Ben. My Head is lighter than it was by the Horns:
(
And yet my Heart's more ponderous than my Head
And pants, until I see the Conjurer dead.

2 *Lord.* Consider.

Ben. Away; dissuade me not, he comes. [*Draws.*

Enter Faustus *with a false Head.*

Now Sword strike home:
For Horns he gave, I'll have his Head anon.

[*Runs* Faustus *through, he falls.*

Faust.

Faust. Oh, oh.

Ben. Groan you, Mr Doctor, now for his Head.

[*Cuts his Head off.*

Lord. Struck with a willing Hand.

Ben. First, on this Scull, in quittance of my Wrongs, I'll nail huge forked Horns within the Window where he yoak'd me first, that all the World may see my just Revenge; and thus having settled his Head---

Faust. What shall the Body do, Gentlemen.

Ben. The Devil's alive again!

Lord. Give the Devil his Head again.

Faust. Nay, keep it; *Faustus* will have Heads (and Hands: I call your Hearts to recompence this Deed. Ho; *Asteroth, Belincoth, Mephstopholis.*

Enter Devils, and Horse 'em upon others.

Go Horse these Traytors on your fiery Backs, Drag 'em through Dirt and Mud, through Thorns (and Briers.

Lord. Pity us, gentle *Faustus*, save our Lives.

Faust. Away.

Ben. He must needs go whom the Devil drives.

[*Spirits fly away.* *Exit* Faustus.

SCENE *a Hall.*

Enter Harlequin *in a Beggar's Habit.*

Harl. I find this *Scaramouch* is a Villain; he has left the Doctor, and is come to be Steward to a rich Widow, whose Husband died Yesterday, and here he is coming to give the Poor their Doles, of which I'll ha' my Share.

Scaramouch

Scaramouch, *and poor People, with a Basket of Bread and Money.*

Scar. Come hither, poor Devils; ſtand in Order, and be damn'd. I come to diſtribute what your deceaſed good Maſter hath bequeath'd.

[*They all ſtare at* Scar.

Harl. God bleſs you, Mr. Steward.

Scar. Let me tell you, Gentlemen, he was as good a Man as ever piſs't, or cry'd ſtand on the High-way.

[Scaramouch *takes out a Loaf and a Shilling, holds it out, and* Harlequin *takes it.*

He ſpent a good Eſtate, 'tis true; but he was no Body's Foe but his own. I never left him while he was worth a Groat. [*Again.*] He would now and then Curſe in his Paſſion, and give a Soul to the Devil, or ſo; yet, what of that? He always paid his Club, and no Man can ſay he owes this. [*Again*] He had a Colt's Tooth, and over-laid one of his Maids; yet, what of that? All Fleſh is frail. [*Again.*] 'Tis thought that her Body work'd him off on his Legs; why, what of that? His Legs were his own, and his Arſe never hung in your Light. [*Again.*] Sometimes, you'll ſay, he wou'd rap out an Oath; what then, Words are but Wind, and he meant no more Harm than a Sucking-Pig does by Squeaking. [*Again.*] Now let's conſider his good Deeds; he brew'd a Firkin of ſtrong Drink for the Poor every Year, and kill'd an old Ram every *Eaſter*: The Meat that was ſtale, and his Drink that was ſower, was always yours. [*Again.*] He allow'd you in Harveſt to Glean after his Rake. [*Again.*] And now, at his Death, has given you all this. [*Again.*

Scar.

Scar. So, ſetting the Hare's Head againſt the Gooſe Giblets, he was a good hoſpitable Man; and much good may do you with what you had.

Poor. I have had nothing.

2 *Poor.* Nor I.

3 *Poor.* Nor I.

4 *Poor.* Nor I.

Scar. Nothing.

All. Nothing, nothing.

Scar. Nothing, nothing; you lying Rogues, then there's ſomething for you. [*Beats 'em all off.*

Enter Harlequin *in a Cloak, laughing.*

Har. So now I am victual'd, I may hold out a Siege againſt Hunger. [*A Noiſe within; this way, this way.* Ha! they are hunting after me, and will kill me. Let me ſee, I will take this Gibbet for my Preſerver, and with this long Cloak make as if I were hang'd. Now when they find a Man hang'd, not knowing me in this Diſguiſe, they'll look no farther after me, but think the Thief's hang'd.---I hear 'em coming. [*Throws himſelf off the Ladder.*

Enter Scaramouch.

Scar. Ha! what's here, a Man hang'd? But what Paper is this in his Hand?

[*Whilſt* Scaramouch *reads*, Harlequin *puts the Rope over him.*

I have cheated the Poor of their Money, and took the Bread out of their Mouths, for which I was much troubled in Conſcience, fell into Diſpair, and, as you ſee, hang'd my ſelf.

[*Pulls him up, and runs out.*

O, the Devil! Murder, murder!

Enter

Enter Poor.

Poor. O Neighbours, here hangs the Rogue.

Scar. Help me down?

Poor. No, you are very well as you are.

Scar. Don't you know me?

Poor. Ay, for a Rogue; e'en finish your Work, and save the Hang-man a Labour. Yet, now I think on't, Self-murder is a crying Sin, and may damn his Soul. Come, Neighbours, we'll take him down, and have him hang'd according to Law. [*When he's down he trips up their Heels, and runs out, they after him.*

All. Stop Thief, stop Thief.

Thunder and Lightning; Lucifer, Beelzebub, *and* Mephostopholis.

Luc. Thus from the Infernal *Dis* do we ascend, bringing with us the Deed; the Time is come which makes it forfeit.

Enter Faustus, *and old Man, and a Scholar.*

Old M. Yet, *Faustus*, call on Heaven.

Faust. O! 'tis too late; behold, they lock my Hands.

Old M. Who, *Faustus*?

Faust. Lucifer and *Mephostopholis*; I gave 'em my Soul for four and twenty Years.

Old M. Heav'n forbid.

Faust. Ay, Heav'n forbad it indeed, but *Faustus* has done it; for the vain Pleasure of four and twenty Years, *Faustus* has lost eternal Joy and Felicity: I writ 'em a Bill with my own Blood, the Date is expir'd; this is the Time, and they are come to fetch me.

Old M.

Old M. Why would not *Faustus* tell me of that before?

Faust. I often intended it; but the Devil threatned to tear me in Pieces. O Friend, retire, and save your self.

Old M. I'll into the next Room, and there pray for thee.

Faust. Ay, pray for me; and what Noise soever you hear stir not, for nothing can rescue me.

Old M. Pray thou, and I'll pray. Adieu.

Faust. If I live till Morning, I'll visit you; if not, *Faustus* is gone to Hell.

[*Exeunt old Man and Scholar.*

Meph. Ay, *Faustus*, now thou hast no Hopes on Heav'n.

Faust. O thou bewitching Fiend; 'twas thou, and thy Temptations, has robb'd me of eternal Happiness.

Meph. I do confess it, *Faustus*, and rejoyce. What weep'st thou, 'tis too late; hark to thy Knell: Fools that will Laugh on Earth, must Weep in Hell.

[*Exit.*

Good and bad Angel descend.

Good An. O *Faustus*, if thou had'st given Ear to me, Innumerable Joys had followed thee: But thou didst love the World.

Bad An. Gave Ear to me, and now must taste Hell's Pains perpetual.

Throne of Heaven appears.

Good An. Had'st thou affected sweet Divinity, Hell, nor the Devil, had no Power on thee. Had'st thou kept on that way, *Faustus*, Behold in what resplended Glory thou had'st sat; That hast thou lost.

And

And now, poor Soul, muſt thy good Angel leave:
The Jaws of Hell are ready to receive thee.
[*Aſcends.*

Hell is diſcover'd.

Bad. An. Now, *Fauſtus*, let thy Eyes with Hor-
Into that vaſt perpetual torturing Houſe. (ror ſtare
Fauſt. O I have ſeen enough to torture me.
Bad An. Nay thou muſt feel 'em, taſte the Smart
(of all.
He that loves Pleaſure muſt for Pleaſure fall:
And ſo I leave thee, *Fauſtus*, till anon.
Thou'lt tumble into Confuſion. [*Deſcends.*

The Clock ſtrikes Eleven.

Fauſt. Now, *Fauſtus*, haſt thou but one bare Hour to
And then thou muſt be damn'd perpetually: (live,
Stand ſtill you ever-moving Spheres of Heav'n,
That Time may ceaſe, and Mid-night never come.
Or let this Hour be but a Year, a Month, a Week,
a natural Day, that *Fauſtus* may repent, and ſave
his Soul. Mountains and Hills come, come, and
fall on me, and hide me from the heavy Wrath of
Heav'n. Gape Earth; Oh no, it will not Har-
bour me. [*The Clock ſtrikes,*
Oh! half the Hour is paſt; 'twill all be paſt anon.
Oh! if my Soul muſt ſuffer for my Sin, impoſe
ſome End to my inceſſant Pain. Let *Fauſtus* live
in Hell a thouſand Years, an hundred thouſand,
and at laſt be ſav'd. [*Strikes Twelve.*
No End is limited to damn'd Souls: It ſtrikes, it
ſtrikes. Now, Body, turn to Air, to Earth, or
Water. Oh! avoid the Fire: They come. Oh!
Mercy, Heaven; ugly Hell gape not. Come not
Lucifer; O *Mephoſtophilis*.
[*Sinks with Devils. Thunder.*

Enter

Enter Old Man *and* Scholar.

Old M. Come, Friend, let's viſit *Fauſtus*: For ſuch a dreadful Night was never ſeen.

SCENE *diſcovers* Fauſtus's *Limbs.*

Schol. O help us, Heav'n; ſee here are *Fauſtus*'s
All torn aſunder by the Hand of Hell. (Limbs,
Old M. May this a fair Example be to all,
To avoid ſuch Ways which brought poor *Fauſtus*'s
And whatever Pleaſure does invite, (Fall,
Sell not your Souls to purchaſe vain Delight.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Hell.*

Fauſtus *Limbs come together.* *A Dance, and Song.*

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.

HENRY the Second,
King of *ENGLAND*;
WITH THE
Death of ROSAMOND.

A
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Printed for G. STRAHAN in Cornhill, and W. MEARS at the Lamb, without Temple-Bar. MDCCXX.

To the Truly Worthy

Sir *Thomas Cooke* K^t.

ALDERMAN, *and* SHERIFF of the Moſt Famous City of *LONDON*.

SIR,

THough a Stranger to Your Perſon, 'tis impoſſible to be ſo to Your Virtues; for General Fame (that is ſo often call'd a Liar, and ſeldom takes pains to Blazon Good Deeds, but on the contrary is moſt induſtrious to expoſe the Bad) has taken an unuſual and peculiar Care to Juſtify your Reputation; And the united conſent of all Mankind concur, that in Your Character ſhe has ſpoke Truth, and what is as commendable, no more than the Truth.

YOUR Generous Charity in many conſiderable Extremities, has ſufficiently demonſtrated, not only the Antient Spi-

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rit of an *Engliſh* Man, but the more glorious Principle of a Chriſtian. Charity the eldeſt Favourite of God, the firſt in Honour, and the laſt in Love, ſeems to be declared the Heir of all Your Fortunes: It is Your private Pleaſure, Your ſecret Ambition, the care of Your Endeavours, and I cannot help ſaying, the Bleſſing that attends 'em.

YOUR Noble Commiſeration on the Deplorable Condition of many a wretched Soul in the Hard Froſt muſt be remembred, when Corn and Coals were above their reach, and, indeed, ſo dear, that it would have been counted Impudence, in the greateſt neceſſity, to have begg'd 'em; You, like a ſecond *Joſeph*, in the Famine, reliev'd their wants, and gave 'em Fire to warm the Hearts You fed.

YOUR moſt Commendable Bounty to the diſtreſſed *Iriſh* Proteſtants muſt be remembred, for You were their greateſt Benefactor, and the firſt. Such Publick Benevolence ought not to be conceal'd, tho' 'tis Your deſire; for You would be as well pleas'd to have it not known, as You are ſatisfied when You beſtow it: But I ſay again, it ought to be Publiſh'd out of the hopes that the knowledge of ſuch Good-

neſs

neſs may rouze the ſleeping Hoſpitality of our Land, that it may take place of Board-Wages, which has ſcandalouſly ſhut up thoſe Doors our Grandfathers always kept open for the Poor.

It is not to be expected that my Pen ſhould ſet forth Your Praiſe as the merit of it deſerves, but as the famous Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, in a choice Picture will ſtrike the Eye of the beholder (tho' a Stranger to the Original (and tell him, ſomewhere or other he has ſeen that Face, tho' he cannot immediately recollect the Perſon: So I will endeavour by the bold touches of Truth, to let the World know they have heard of the Man, tho' they cannot at the inſtant apply the Character to his Name.

So Famous a Citizen has not in many Ages fill'd the Walls of *London*; Your Generoſity is the Honour of it, Your Conduct and Affability the Credit of it; and You are one of the chiefeſt Members in the ſupport of its Trade.

'Tis probable that the World may admire at a Dedication of this Nature to Sir *Thomas Cook*, ſince the Cuſtom of Poets has been to Addreſs their Plays to the Nobility, either by the way of thanks, for Patronizing

tronizing their Works before they were made publick; or elſe in a Panegyrick on their Families: But I declare, neither of theſe are the occaſion of this Epiſtle; but that it proceeds from a real reſpect I have to Your great Character, and a deſire of being the firſt that ſhould publiſh it to the World.

THE *Romans* whoſe Courage and Country once excell'd all others, were ever proudeſt of their Citizens, and not without good Reaſon; for indeed they are the ſupport of all Governments; and as they are the firſt to be Tryed, ſo they are the longeſt to be Eſteem'd, the moſt to be encourag'd, and the laſt to be Injur'd. *Anthony* reckon'd he had as good as Conquer'd *Brutus*, when his Oration had overthrown his Intereſt with the Citizens. That ours may always Flouriſh, and never want ſuch Virtues as Yours to advance their proſperity, ſhall be the conſtant and fervent wiſh,

BRITISH MUSEUM

Of Your moſt Obedient Servant,

WILL. MOUNTFORT.

PROLOGUE.

IN this grave Age, improv'd by States-mens Art,
Who e're can think you'll like a Misses Part?
Time was, when Rosamond *might shine at Court;*
These are no days for Ladies of that sort.
How strangely Time does Human Things decay!
For Cent'ries past as ancient Writers say,
She that we represent bore mighty sway:
Her Beauty wondred at, her Wit extoll'd,
Her yellow Locks were call'd too, Threads of Gold.
But now *should that Complexion use the Trade,*
Each puny Fop the Town has newly made
Would cry, Confound the Carrot-pated-Jade.
Misses in times of War and Jeopardy,
Like Armourers in days of Peace must be;
His Swords and Helmets rust, and so will She.
What sort of Criticks then must I endear
To favour this abandon'd Character?
The French *fatigue too much, to mind* Amour;
Th' Italian's *Bigotted; The* Spaniard *Poor;*
The Clumsie Lover, *with his* Northern Sense,
Would have the Yo-Frows, *but would spare the* Pence:
Rev'nous of Beauty; But when Purse should open,
Myn Heer *is either deaf, or Drunk aslopen,*
Thus all o're Europe, *as the Scenes are laid,*
War and Religion have quite spoild Love's Trade.
Since then from Courts her Part must hope no pity,
I'll try the English Lovers *of the City;*
Kind Souls, who many a Night o're Toast and Ale,
Have wept at reading Rosamond's *fam'd Tale,*
And will we hope, for Beauties sake, to Day
Confront the Wits, and save a harmless Play
So may you thrive, your Wagers all be won;
So may your Wise Stock-jobbing Crimp go on;
So may your Ships return from the Canaries,
And stoln French *Cargoes in your* Johns and Maries

PROLOGUE.

Stand Buff once for a Miſtreſs: Think what Lives
Some of you daily lead with ſcolding Wives.
And though ſhe fell by jealous Cruelty,
For Venial Sin 'twas pity ſhe ſhould die.
Ah! ſhould your Wives and Daughters ſo be try'd,
And with her Doſe their Failings purify'd,
Lord! What a Maſſacre wou'd maul Cheapſide!

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

Spoke by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

THus you the ſad Cataſtrophe have ſeen,
Occaſion'd by a Miſtreſs and a Queen.
Queen Eleanor *the Proud was* French, *they ſay;*
But Engliſh *Manufacture got the Day:*
Jane Clifford *was her Name, as Books aver,*
Fair Roſamond *was but her* Nom de Guerre.
Now tell me Gallants would you lead your Life
With ſuch a Miſtreſs or with ſuch a Wife?
If one muſt be your Choice, which d'ye approve,
The Curtain Lecture or the Curtain Love?
Wou'd ye be Godly with perpetual Strife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan *your Wife;*
Or take your Pleaſure in a wicked way,
Like honeſt Whoring Harry *in the Play?*
I gueſs your minds: The Miſtreſs would be taken,
And nauſeous Matrimony ſent a packing.
The Devils in you all; Mankind's a Rogue,
You love the Bride, but you deteſt the Clog:
After a Year, poor Spouſe is left i'th' lurch;
And you, like Haynes, *return to Mother-Church.*
Or, if the name of Church comes croſs your mind,
Chappels of Eaſe behind our Scenes you find:
The Play houſe is a kind of Market-place;
One chaffers for a Voice, another for a Face.
Nay, ſome of you, I dare not ſay how many
Would buy of me a Pen'worth for your Peny.
Ev'n this poor Face (which with my Fan I hide)
Would make a ſhift my Portion to provide,
With ſome ſmall Perquiſites I have beſide.

EPILOGUE.

Though for your Love, perhaps I ſhould not care,
I could not hate a Man that bids me fair.
What might enſue 'tis hard for me to tell;
But I was drench'd to day for loving well,
And fear the Poyſon that would make me ſwell.

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Dra-

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING *Henry* the Second,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Prince *Henry*, his Son,	*Mich. Lee.*
Sir *Tho. Vaughan*, a Favourite of the King's,	Mr. *Ant. Leigh.*
Abbot,	Mr. *Sandford.*
Veralam,	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Suſſex,	Mr. *Hodgſon*,
Aumerle,	Mr. *Bridges.*
Petrard, a Prieſt,	Mr. *Dogget.*
Queen *Eleanor*,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Roſamond,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Roſamond's Woman,	Mrs. *Kent.*

Attendants, Prieſts, Guards.

Scene *OXFORD.*

Henry

HENRY the Second, King of *ENGLAND.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Suſſex, Verulam, *and* Aumerle.

Veru. YOU do miſtake the Cauſe, and (your Opinions
Too eaſily comply with what (you wiſh;
Like young Phyſicians paſs a- (haſty Judgment,
Thinking the Patients well becauſe his looks
Are ſeeming healthy, ſtreak'd with cheerful Red,
While ſome unnatural Fire preys on his Heart,
And drinks up all the moiſture of his Life.

Suſſex. Excuſe our Unexperience, and direct us
How we may ſolve the Error of our Thoughts.

Veru. My Age, and long Attendance on the (King,
Makes me no Stranger to the Myſtery.
But would to Heav'n it ne'er had been my Fate,
Since I've beheld the Troubles of my Maſter,
And want the Pow'r to eaſe his Miſery?

Aumer. I thought this ſudden Alteration
Proceeded from ſome Change of Government;
Believ'd the head-ſtrong *Normans*
By Innovation wrought theſe Fits of Spleen,

Veru. Like a Diſeaſe it has been growing on him
For many Years; and now 'tis fix'd ſo faſt,
So deeply in him, he cannot ſhake it off.
Love wrought the Change at firſt,
And with its Magick quite o're-power'd his Reaſon,
Blinded all his Senſes,
Till he ſunk quick into the Gulph of Wedlock;
From the unlucky moment that he joyn'd
With *Eleanor*, the Repudiated Leavings
Of the French King, *Lewis*, his mortal Foe,
Strife and Diſorder has o'er-ſpread the Realm:
Our ſad Diviſions ſpeak our coming Miſchief.

Aumer. From whence muſt riſe this Danger,
You ſeem ſo very apprehenſive of?

Veru. Here, in his Court at *Oxford*; here in (his Bed and Boſom;
His jealous Wife, and diſobedient Sons,
Is there a days ceſſation from debate;
An intermiſſion from their Wilds of Nature?
When will it ceaſe? Not while the Mother's (fondneſs
Upholds their fiery Youth, ſmiles on their Inſolence,
Clapping their Cheeks, to ſhew how ſhe approves it.

Suſſex. Is then the Lion's Voice ſo ſoon forgot?
'Twas not long ſince they trembled at the ſound,
And their Knees ſhook with terror of the Accent.

Aum. The haughty Queen was forc'd to rein her (Heart,
And one might read her Paſſion in her Tears.
Suſſex. Moſt of that Sex,
Whene'er they fail of wiſh'd Succeſs, (Eyes:
Their Blood turns Gall, and flaſhes through their
And if a Show'r does fall--
Veru. 'Tis the hot Stream of Anger boyling o'er,
Which ſhews how much the Spleen and Mother (governs.
I'll tell you what befel of late,
And then give me your Cenſures.
Aum. We attend you. (Wretches,
Veru. I have obſerv'd the Crowd of fawning
Which ſervilely attend the Queen's Apartment,
Watching the early op'ning of the Door,
To ſhew their forward Zeal.
Suſſex. The Fathers and the Prieſts you mean.
Veru. You hit me right.
Theſe Holy, Pious, ſeeming Godly Men,
Swarm not for nothing: Either there's Revenge
Or Int'reſt ſtirring, when Church-mens Diligence
Haunt Majeſty ſo much.
I have obſerv'd how groſly they have flatter'd,
Yet ſhe hath ſwallow'd up their nauſeous Phraſes
Faſt as their utt'rance, while they prais'd her Perſon,
Or loaded with Hyperbole's her Son
Aum. You ſpeak of what is natural to Women.
Veru. But when they'd gain'd attention, and (wrought her
To admiration, then the Fane was turn'd,
And their foul Breath pointed againſt the King.
Then *Becket's* Death, that Patron of Rebellion,
That Traytor to the King and all his Int'reſt,
Was introduc'd: and with ſuch doleful Accents,
As if the Life o' th' Church expir'd in his.
Here *Henry* was forgot, her Lord and Monarch;
Inſtead of puniſhing the ſawcy Gown-man,
She mourn'd the Fall of the aſpiring Prelate;

Would

Would caſt her Eyes, almoſt eclips'd with Tears,
On the young Race of Heroes ſtanding by,
Inſinuating their Father was too Guilty.
Suſſex. Nay, they are always ripe for Miſchief,
When e're the Power o' th' Crown, checks that (o' th' Church,
And the World knows too well, if they had Power.
Veru. If they had Power! Why have they not (my Lord?
Divide the Globe and you will find a Third
Are Men in Orders, or the Slaves to them.
I tell you, Sirs, they are a dreadful Hoſt;
And ſhould the Pulpit ſound to an Alarm,
I queſtion much whether our *Hercules*
Could cope this *Hydra*. 'Tis a horrid Tale
They have poſſeſs'd th' unthinking Crowd withal,
Concerning *Beckets* Death. (Traytor's Fate,
Aum. Wou'd the whole Tribe had met the
Since they aſpire to fetter Monarchy,
Nay the Nobility muſt ſink with him. (Rochet
Suſſex. Whilſt ev'ry Pedant which can gain the
Muſt Lord it o'er us, we ſhall be like Beaſts
Pegg'd on the Common, there to graze our Round,
And muſt be thankful tho' the Soils our own.
Aum. Surely at laſt the Royal Soul will rouze,
And free Himſelf and People from the Yoke.
Oh how I covet ſuch a Jubilee!
Veru. I find we centre in Opinion, and ſhall be
Glad to joyn in ſuch a Cauſe.——
W' are interupted, the Court breaks in upon us.

Enter Sir Thomas Vaughan.

Suſſex. Sir *Thomas Vaughan!* Now dare I pawn
My Life ſome Petticoat Embaſſy.
Aum. That old Gentleman.

Suſſex.

Suſſex. Ay, Sir, upon my word the beſt of his Qualifications conſiſt in acting the part
Of *Mercury* to our *Jupiter.*

Verul. That's of old Date,

Suſſex. But may be renew'd again,
If Majeſty have occaſion. ----Let us obſerve.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* This is the ſecond Time I have been ſent of this Errand; Pray Heav'n I'm more ſucceſsful than I have been, I ſhall go near to be diſcarded my Office elſe. One would not Imagine what Pains, Care and Underſtanding are requir'd to make a complete Pimp.

Suſſex. Very pretty!

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* None but this Virgin of Honour will down with Majeſty. She's a fine Woman, that's the Truth on't; but a Pox of her Chaſtity: what a damnable pother ſhe makes to preſerve that, which half the Women in the Town would be glad to be rid of! Had ſhe been my Kinſwoman now, I had been made for ever. There's no Court-Bribe in the World like a Female Relation, for a ſpeedy Advancement.

Aum. Suppoſe, after all our ſuſpicions, it ſhould Be Love that has wrought this Alteration
In the King.

Suſſex. I ſuſpect it ſhrewdly.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* I am damnably afraid the Termagant Queen ſhould come to the knowledge of it, ſhe has ſuch a plaguy number of Spies abroad. Well, Sir *Thomas*, you are in, and muſt e'en through; 'tis too late to repent. Send thee good luck, old Boy. ----- Baſta! Who's there? [*Sees 'em*

Verul. Friends.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Not Eve-droppers I hope. Ha! my good Lord *Verulam* your Lordſhips moſt humble Servant.

Suſſex. What in a Sweat, Man?

Sir *Tho.*

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* A little warm my Lord. Who would be a Courtier, that has any regard for his Carcas? This toiling and moiling does not agree with my Age; I muſt e'en leave it off, and betake to my Pray'rs in time. [Court?

Veru. What a Favourite, and talk of leaving the

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* I a Favourite! your Lordſhips moſt humble Servant. But I take all things in good part from my Friends.

Aum. Have you ſeen the King to day?

Sir *Tho Vaugh.* I juſt parted with him; he's a very honeſt Gentleman, the moſt accompliſh'd Gallant, ſweeteſt natur'd Perſon in *Europe*: He has found out ſomething extraordinary in me, for which I am eternally engag'd to him.

Suſſex, Y'are diſpos'd to be merry.

Sir *Tho. Vaug.* I would I cou'd: But the King's Melancholly ſtrangely diſcompoſes me. Poor Prince! never was Mortal ſo afflicted.

Veru. Nothing that's new, I hope.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* The Devil and all of Miſchief. Yonder Knaves have been at it o' t'other ſide of the Water, helter skelter; fight Dog, fight Bear; nothing but Muriny, Mutiny.---- Gad, if the King would but follow my Advice, we'd maul 'em. (thers?----

Suſſex. What, you mean the Religious Fa-

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Religious d'ye call 'em? I don't know what Religion they have, but they have very good Livings: They have made a fine piece of Work of their Religion.

Veru. About what?

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Why about the Gentleman at *Canterbury*, that had his Brains beat out to inform his Judgment.

Suſſex. The Prelate *Becket*?

Sir *Tho Vaugh.* Ay, ay: They have dignify'd and diſtinguiſh'd him from the infamous Title of a *Traytor*, to the ſpiritual one of a *Saint*. *Veru.*

Veru. You ſhould ſpeak more reſpectfully of the (Cloathing.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Why Black never bluſhes, you know, ſay what you will on't.

Veru. Would you have us be without 'em?

Sir *Tho. Vaug.* Why when were they ever with us? Did you ever know them join with the People, unleſs 'twas a Miſchief of their own making? We may groan under Miſery and Slavery, Grumble and Complain; but, if the Church's Rights be not inveſted, they tell us, we muſt bear it, and ſubmit to the Higher Powers. But if a ſingle Egg of their Tyths were crack'd, and not made good to them, you ſhould hear them bellow againſt Power and Dominion, make the Cauſe of the Church the Diſquiet of Heav'n; tell you Horrour and Plagues will come from above; that the juſt Divine Wrath will puniſh your Sacrilege: ſo deſtroy you themſelves, to preſerve you from Judgments. (Injury.

Suſſex. Sure they have done thee ſome mortal

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Let them forbear the King then and Peace follows; for they're ſo conſtantly teizing him about their Religion, the Man can't enjoy himſelf for 'em: Beſides, ſhould they biggotize the King to admire Abſtinence and Chaſtity, poor Sir *Thomas* is kick'd out; for *Praying* and *Pimping* can never agree ----- Ads me! my Lords, I forgot to tell you the News; The King's reconcil'd to the Prince, who muſt go to *Normandy*; and the Queen's Pleas'd. There's a Miracle, my Lords! The Queen's pleas'd! Nay ſhe's pleas'd with me, that ſhe has not ſpoke to this Month! Such a Favour ſhe has done me!

Suſſex. What is't?

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Your Servant.

Veru. Pray what is't?

Sir *Tho Vaugh.* You'll tell on't.

Aum.

Aum. Think better of us.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* If the King ſhould know on't

Vera. Never for us.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Laſt Night at Supper---

Suſſex. What then?

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Nothing, only the Queens pleas'd, that's all. Again, your Servant, my Lords your Servant, [*Exit.*

Veru. The Prince to *France!* this is a ſudden motion;
I know the Provinces are Malecontent,
Apt for Commotion, ready for Rebellion:
But they require a ſharp and ſteddy Hand,
One of Experience--- Ha! the King alone!
[*Withdraw.*

Enter King Henry.

King. Oh Love! Oh *Roſamond!* Why do I Name
That Cruel Maid? But yet alas! I muſt
Spight of my fix'd Reſolves; She graſps my Heart,
And turns it with each motion of her Eyes:
If there were hopes; Why, am I not a King?
But what are Kings in Love? Like Lions chain'd
We Roar, but cannot reach what we would Prey on:
Why elſe ye Gods, do you withhold your Bounty?
Or is this ſingle Beauty thought too much
For a Reward of all my Sufferings?
If ſo you think,
Take back this Crown and Dignity you gave,
Confine me to ſome Corner of the Earth,
Where abject Poverty does make abode;
Bleſs me with *Roſamond*; and even there
I'll thank your Providence for the Exchange:
But Oh! I Rave, and muſt recall my Senſes,
Buſ'neſs comes forward, curs'd Buſ'neſs haunts me:
With

With what a Weight does that poor Monarch move,
That's clogg'd with Bus'neſs and perplex'd with Love!

Enter Verulam, Suſſex *and* Aumerle.

Veru. Your Majeſty!

King. Thou art the only Man of all the World
I coveted to ſee; Come near me *Verulam*,
I ſhall have need of your aſſiſtance ſhortly,
Your Counſel now.

Veru. You doubly Honour me.

King. Upon mature Advice, I have reſolv'd
To ſend my eldeſt Son to *Normandy*;
And to engage his Duty will Inveſt him
With all the Royal Dignities belonging
To both the Dukedoms: ſince he longs for Power,
I'll Load him with the Weight of Government.

Veru. None better can direct the Rounds of State.
Than Sacred Majeſty; It is in you
From vaſt Experience grown to certain Judgment.
Yet----

King. Let me tell thee *Verulam*,
I have examin'd with the ſtricteſt Care,
What Conſequences may attend this Act;
You muſt allow Youth are moſt prone to Covet
What is debarr'd 'em: Give 'em full Poſſeſſion
They ſoon grow weary of the Toy they long'd for
But to prevent all danger, 'tis reſolv'd
That you attend him; The Commiſſion's ready:
I know thy Loyalty admits no ſcruple.

Veru. I'm all obedience to your Royal Pleaſure.

Enter

Enter Prince Henry, *Attendants.* [*Runs to the King and Kneels.*]

King. All is forgot: Thy Fathers Memory
[*Takes him up*
Bears thy good deeds in ſight; but ne'er looks (backwards.
Prince. You are all Goodneſs, Tenderneſs and (Mercy.
King. I know 'tis want of Action caus'd the Sur-
The Riots and the Luxuries o'th' Court; (feit,
But now an opportunity's at hand
To waſh away the Stains of Idleneſs.
Read that. [*Gives him a Letter.*
Prince. This Purports that the *Normans* are in
King. It does. (Arms.
Prince. Are they ſo pamper'd with their fullneſs
Theſe wreſty Slaves like Horſes wanting uſe, (Sir?
Muſt be kept to it, Rid hard, and exercis'd;
Muſt feel the Bit and Curb, to let 'em know
They're under Government. (done:
King. Why thou haſt ſpoke it, and ſhall ſee it
For from this Moment do I conſtitute
Thee equal ſharer with me in my Sceptre.
Prince. My Royal Father!
King. I have ſaid the Word; Hence be convinc'd
A Parents Love can bear, forget, forgive,
And wait the gentle Seaſon when Penitence
Shall Spring; and ſhow'r a Bleſſing
That may encourage Virtue as it grows.
Prince. My thanks to Heav'n and you; Oh! (you have made,
New-moulded up this Maſs, and breath'd a Soul
That longs for Action, and the Toil of War:
If I not ſtrive to Merit this great Bleſſing,
If I not Honourably diſcharge the Truſt,
Endeavour Nobly; may I ſink with ſhame

As

As great as my worſt Foes would wiſh,
Beſt Friends lament: For *France* my Father,
Where I will Seaſon this my Infant Sword,
To Dedicate to you who taught it Glory. (Boy;

King. This ſounds well *Harry*, as it ſhould be
And I foreſee *Englands* good Genius Dancing
In thy Spirit, and pleas'd with the young *Mars*
It has begot, my Lord of *Verulam.*

Veru. Your Majeſty?

King. Here, as a Pledge of Love,
Accept this Man; I give him
As a Guardian Angel to thee:
His Courage ſhall aſſiſt and ſtrengthen thine,
His Judgment in the Field ſhall guide thy boldneſs;
And if Fate ſhould approach thee, clap between ye:
His Care ſhall leſſen thy Fatigue in War;
In Peace his Diligence ſhall give thee Pleaſure.

Prince. Sir, you are mine; your Character is (great,
And I will ſhew how I eſteem its worth
In chooſing your Opinion.

Enter Queen, Abbot, Fryers, *Attendants.*

Queen. Oh Barbarous King! was there no (other way
To reach my Heart, but thus to ſnatch him from me?
Look on him well, Are theſe young tender Limbs
Fit to endure the hardſhips of a Camp,
The Cares of War, and Dangers that attend it?
It ſhall not, muſt not be and I alive.
Oh *Harry!* hang upon thy Mothers Love,
And ſhun thy Father's Cruelty. (at eaſe

King. Well, Madam, have you done? are you
Has the fierce Whirlwind of your Paſſion vent?
If not, enlarge after your wonted method.

Queen. Ingrateful King, Do you upbraid my (fondneſs!
Think'ſt thou this Breaſt is harden'd like thy own.
I bore

I bore him, bred him, felt the rack of Nature;
Many long Winter Nights have watch'd his
(ſlumbers,
When the ſad hand of Sickneſs was upon him;
While you, encompaſs'd round with all your
(Friends,
Forgot my Care and the poor Infants danger.
He minds me not: Oh wretched Majeſty!
See Reverend Fathers, Is this humane uſage?

Prince. Let me beſeech you Madam calm this
The King deſigns my Greatneſs. (Paſſion:

Queen. Deluded Fool, away; Fly, fly betimes
To Sanctuary, where theſe good Mens aſſiſtance
May break the Philtre, and diſſolve the Magick
Which blinds thy Senſe, and ſets thee mad for
(Glory:
Behold this Holy Man, thy careful Tutor,
Whoſe ſtudious Diligence firſt taught thee Know-
(ledge,
With Art and Patience clear'd thy erring Soul,
And made it Maſter of Imperial Wiſdom;
Take his Advice; Be deaf to the harſh King's,
Which would deſtroy thee, by removing thee.

King. Contemn her fondneſs, and conſult thy
(Honour,
This Paſſion flows from an unruly Will:
I tell thee, *Harry*, All the Sex are thus,
And Contradiction's their Original Sin;
For Woman was the firſt in Diſobedience:
When they were molded firſt into a Form,
And the Almighty lik'd the great Deſign
Pleas'd with the Work, withdrew; and in th' Inter-
The fall'n Angel crept unſeen and view'd it; (val
Saw that Man's Happineſs would be complete,
And from his Gall a drop of Spleen dash'd in,
Which ſower'd the whole Creation:
'Tis that affects her now; give it but ſcope,
And when ſhe ſees it moves us not, 'twill down.

Prince.

Prince. If to my Mother's Will I ſhould ſubmit,
Glory will ſhun me, Honour flie me,
And all brave Men contemn me.
Abbot. Moſt Gracious Majeſty, vouchſafe atten-(tion
To the humble Speech of your poor Beadſman;
I am bound in duty to offer my aſſiſtance,
And to mediate where Perſons of ſuch near affinity
Have different Paſſions which o'ercloud the Soul,
Soyling Perfection.
See your Royal Partner o'erwhelm'd with Tears,
From the harſh Words you've utter'd!
That Noble Graft buried in deep amazement.
Oh! let this Diſcord end in Harmony!
Lull the harſh Note, and raiſe her up to Life.
King. Who asks Advice from you my Reverend (Sir?
Who ſent for you to make up Royal Breaches?
Becauſe you are the Examiner of her Sins,
Muſt you pretend Dominion o'er my Actions?
Go to; We know ye: Preach to thoſe who do not,
And let their Ignorance ſupport your Cunning;
Thou Pandor of the Court!
Abbot. Your truſty Knight there [*Points to*
Becomes the Title better. *Sir.* T. Vau.
King. Ha! what ſaid you?
Abbot. This Accuſation does not ſuit my Function
Nor well become the Mouth of Dignity:
If we, the Pillars of the Holy Church,
Are thus calumniated, 'tis eaſy gueſſing what
Will follow: You ſet an ill Example.
King. You ſeldom ſhew us good ones.
Come, come, I know you better than your ſelves,
Your proud, ambitious, haughty, daring Tempers:
The God you Idolize is Int'reſt;
Which to obtain you'd bridle all Mankind,
And ride 'em to the Devil.
Queen. Oh Blaſphemy!

Abbot.

Abbot. Alas poor Queen! how muſt he uſe your Goodneſs;
If he reviles the Church thus! (Fellows?
Atheiſts would bluſh at this.
King. Is there no way to Heav'n without theſe
Try me and judge me, Oh thou awful Pow'r,
If I not reverence and adore thy Laws!
But why thro' ſuch hard Hands are they deliver'd?
How is't you make us Kings, whilſt theſe pre- (ſcribe us?
Our Actions muſt be govern'd by their Conſciences,
Our own has no Pre-eminence nor Judgment.
Abbot. Reaſon is weak, where Paſſion is ſo ſtrong:
Your Arbitrary Power would tire the World,
Did not Heav'n bleſs you with our guiding Virtues.
King. Yet, with your leaves, Kings may indulge (themſelves,
Violate Laws, Diſfranchize all their Subjects,
Provided that your Government's untouch'd:
But, ſhould we look
A-ſquint upon the Failures of the Church.
The holy Rooks and Daws betake to wing,
And fill the Air with Clamor.
Hence be gone on forfeit of your Lives!
Abbot. He ſhall pay dear for this. (*Prieſts.*
Come, Brothers lets to Council. [*Exit Abbot,*
Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* That's to Miſchief.
Now will the Church fall in a Fever,
And want his Blood for a Cordial. (Men;
King. Now, *Eleanor*, to you: Beware theſe
Thou'rt but a Tool to them, to faſhion me,
And work my Actions ſuitable to theirs.
Shock not thy Husbands Pow'r to ſtrengthen them;
For, credit me, I know their inward Cunning:
They call'd my Father in, to ſerve their Int'reſt;
And, when he had nobly ventur'd Life and Pow'r,
Remov'd th' Oppreſſions under which they groan'd.
They grew ſo weary of Security,
They would have chang'd again!

Obſerve

Obſerve this, Boy: Seem with the Church to joyn,
Hearken and weigh whatever they deſign,
But never let their Knowledge fathom thine.

Queen. But why muſt he to th' War?
Oh! can you love, and put him into danger?

King. Hear me;
And what I ſay, I hope, will make impreſſion:
If to diveſt my ſelf, and place on him
A Sov'reign Power, be not the Marks of Love,
Then I have none: If to advance my Son
Into an equal ſhare of Empire with me,
Be not Affection, what then is Affection?

Queen. But yet -----

King. Come, *Eleanor*, be calm, ceaſe all ſuſpicion;
And if I ſally'd out in raſh Expreſſions,
Wink at my Failings; For, Oh my Queen!
The Cares that tend upon a Crown are great,
And do ſometimes diſtract.

Queen. Is there no danger of his Life?

King. None that I know of.
My Lord of *Verulam* I joyn to his Aſſiſtance:
But if the Sceptre be too ponderous,
I'll aid the Prince till ſtrength ſhall reach his Arm,
And be a Shield 'twixt him and all Invaders.

Prince. Dear Madam, hear the King, let him prevail;
You would not have me ſtay and weild a Diſtaff,
When Honours Trumpet ſounds ſo brave a Charge,
When all my Royal Father's great Intentions
Aim only at the increaſing of my Glory.

Queen. It ſhall be ſo: but my dear Child take care;
Oh Verulam! be watchful in the War;
The Comfort of my Life lies all in him.

King. I bleſs thee from my Soul, and wiſh thee well.

Prince. How I'll deſerve that Bleſing, time ſhall tell.

If

If I return, Conqueſt and Peace I'll bring;
If not, juſt Fame ſhall, to my Glory ſing,
I ſuffer'd for my Country and my King.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Abbot *and* Fryers.

Abbot. DID you not mind with what a ſprightly (Joy
The Youth took fire when we ſaluted him?
The Blood flew up and almoſt burſt his Cheeks;
His Eyes did ſparkle round unwonted Luſtre;
His fault'ring Tongue could not expreſs his Soul,
But with a pleas'd and eager ſtammering
Hinted the wondrous tranſports he was under;
Then with a Bridegroom's haſte he claſpt us (round,
Call'd us his Friends, and kiſs'd our Lips with as
Much Warmth as each had been a Miſtreſs.

2 *Fry.* Nay, though the Queen had ſent to take (her leave,
How ſlowly did he quit our Company!
The falling ſhowers guſh'd from his longing Eyes,
And ſpoke the wreck he felt i' th' Separation;
Then on his Knees with humble Adoration
Beſought our guardian Pray'rs and Benizons.

Abbot. It almoſt made me weep for Company,
But that the Fire which burns within this Boſom
Call'd back the Sap for a more noble Uſe.

Now,

Now, ſhould I ſpeak my Thoughts,
I muſt declare this early pious, worſhipping
Young Prince deſerves the Crown.

1 *Fry.* What ſays my Lord?

Abbot. Since his ill Father ſtands accurs'd for (ſhedding
Moſt ſacred Blood, in a holy Place,
He is diveſted by his Holineſs
Of Power and Royalty,
And only bears an empty Title now.

2 *Fry.* But which of us dare to tell him ſo?
He has a damnable Spirit, and values (Soldier;
Hanging a Churchman no more than a mutinying

Abbot. Weak Men! whoſe Senſes are o'er- (whelm'd with Eaſe;
Think you there goes no more to this great Work,
Than barely talking? I tell you, We muſt firſt
Joyn all the Pow'r and Int'reſt we can make,
To undermine this vaſt *Coloſſus.*
'Tis of Conſequence ſufficient to engage
The whole Profeſſion,
And call the ſcatter'd *Levi* of the World
To one entire and abſolute Aſſembly.
Oh *Becket*! Oh thou Martyr for our Sakes!
The only Patron of our humble Labours!
Have you forgot? Speak, has remembrance left
Are all his Favours bury'd in Oblivion? (you?

1 *Fry.* No 'tis to him and you we owe our being.

Abbot. And ſhall we tamely let his Murderers (ſleep,
Sit down in ſilence to behold their Triumph?
Oh! never let Ingratitude ſo foul (neſs,
Be lay'd at the Church door: Think of his good-
He took me when a Boy from my poor Parents,
Pleas'd with a forward Spirit which he ſaw;
And at his Charge, with Coſt and Diligence,
I was inſtructed in Divinity;
Preferr'd me early into holy Orders,
And made me in my Six and thirtieth year

One

One of the Confeſſors to Majeſty:
And tho' in different Ways his Love did move,
You ſhar'd his Bounty, and to good Advantage.
2 *Fry.* 'Tis true; and we no leſs than you Repine,
For want of Means to ſhow how we'd Revenge.
Abbot. Oh, wonderful Stupidity! Is't poſſible!
What have we all this Time been Talking of?
Was it not of the Prince, the King that muſt be?
Does not Heav'n give the Power into our Hands?
And by the Gift, plainly Direct us how
To Right the Impious Murder of the Saint?
2 *Fry.* I underſtand you now:
Abbot. You are his Tutor, *Becket* gain'd you that.
2 *Fry.* 'Tis true,
Abbot. Thou ſay'ſt he is Ambitious; be it ſo:
Nouriſh the growing Plague, Temper the miſchief;
Of Power and Sway the cunning Compound Make;
On the prevailing fuel of his Pride
Set the Infection; his Spleen will feed the Fire,
Till wild Ambition blazes to Rebellion.
2 *Fry.* The task is eaſy; for in his eager Soul
His Fathers Errors bear Pre-eminence,
With all his Mothers poſitive ill Nature.
Abbot. Bleſſings upon thy Zeal! this plainly (looks
Like Inſpiration, and foretells Succeſs:
Few Words and I have done.
When thou ſhalt reach the Prince's Court.
Thou wilt be ſwarm'd to for News,
And principally from the Men in Orders;
None carry Ears more itching than
The Cloathing,
2 *Fry.* Give me your full deſire; tell me
Your Heart, and if I fail my truſt,
Cunning forſake our Tribe.
Abbot. Then plainly thus:
Lay all the Churches ſufferings on the Rack,
Let every ſcratch appear a mortal Wound;
Breath

Breath to their fickle Souls deſire of change,
And never quit the Subject: Extol the Prince
With all the Rhetorick Intereſt can invent;
Paint the vile King upon the ſtretch of Fancy,
Attempt the Root of his Prerogative,
And load with endleſs fears each Branch of Power,
Till we have ſtripp'd him naked of all Truſt.
Obſerve the Factious Chiefs, and there inlarge
Thy well wrought Sophiſtry.
If thou ſhould'ſt find 'em ſtart into a Curſe,
Say thou, *Amen.*

2 *Fry.* My zealous Spirit glows to be at work.

Abbot. Whene're thou com'ſt among the Female (Sex,
Bemoan the dreadful proſpect of our Woes,
Work 'em to Tears, melt 'em with Apprehenſion;
For none ingender Miſchief like that Sex:
Enquire amongſt their Sins, and thoſe
Thou find'ſt ſtill moſt accountable and fearful,
Work up with dreadful Induſtry and Terror;
Sigh out Damnation with prodigious Accent,
And tell 'em nought can ſtop ſuch feſtring wounds,
But being mighty forward in this Cauſe:
Oh, thou ſhalt ſee 'em work their Husbands up.
And teach their liſping Babes to Curſe the King:
They are the Train by which we blow up Fools;
There's nothing worthy Note is done without 'em,

2 *Fry.* Let me be gone; I'm eager to be at it.

Abbot. Get all things ready; at Night meet
Me at home, i'th' Morning you ſet
Forward; away I muſt, to th' Queen.

1 & 2 *Fry.* Succeſs attend you [*Ex.* 1. & 2 *Fry.*

Abbot. Now *Becket*, If thy Ghoſt
Will look ſo low as us that will revenge thee,
Dart from thy Saints bright Rays, a Providence
That may encircle and protect our Actions:
If Souls which from the Worlds rich Arms are (forc'd

Torn from their Right in Nature by Oppreſſion,
And ſent unjuſtly, unprepar'd away,
To give an Anſwer at a moments warning
To a long Scrowl of all their ill-ſpent Lives,
Ben't a Barbarity abhorr'd by Chriſtians,
Morality good Night;
Conſcience and Equity be ever Baniſh'd:
And Arbritary Strength officiate Juſtice.
No *Becket*, thou ſhalt have full revenge,
If Blood can give it Meaſure.
I've trac'd his Luſt,
Where he ſupinely does indulge himſelf,
Found out his Paramour, and the Queen ſhall
Know it.
Thus my revenge I'll back with Jealouſy;
A Rival is a Plague that tortures Woman
Worſe than her being croſs'd in her Ambition.
And Oh, what a charming miſchief muſt that prove
That's got by a Church hate, and Nurs'd by injur'd
Love.
[*Exit!*

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Tho. Vaughan *and* Roſamonds *Woman.*

Sir *Tho.* Was there ever ſo preverſe a Baggage! Haſt thou neither reſpect to my Age nor my Perſon? Who am I? What am I? Tell me quickly, or I ſhall grow very furious, I ſhall.

Wom. Sir, I neither regard your Age nor your Perſon: And your Anger would do better to be ſhewn among them that fear you, than here where you're ſo little welcome.

Sir *Tho.* Why Huzzy? I'm a Gentleman.

Wom. 'Tis a very improper Employment this, if you are ſo.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Look you my Lady's Gentlewoman, I will not be popp'd off with the flap of a Fox Tail, I come with a Meſſage from the King, do you mark? I muſt have an Anſwer from your betters e're I return.

Wom. I think you have had Anſwers enough to have put any Man out of Countenance that had a Grain of Modeſty in him.

Sir *Tho.* Tell the Wind where it ſhall blow Child; I'm a thorow pac'd Courtier, us'd to denyals, but that never diſheartens me; he that ſits down contented with a Lady's anſwering Nay, twice or thrice, will be curſt by the Woman, and Laught at by the World. Importunity and Impudence are the Supporters of our Coat of Arms; indeed our Argent is ſomewhat ſcandalous; but our Rampant is very ancient; it came in with Infidelity, and always had the upper hand of Honeſty in this World.

Wom. I don't underſtand your Heraldry Sir.

Sir *Tho.* I am an unlucky Dog, never Eloquent but among the Vulgar; and there it's always thrown away: Come Rogue, I muſt needs ſee your Lady.

Wom. Her poſitive Orders were to ſee none; and I will not infringe 'em to merit your thanks and her diſpleaſure.

Sir *Tho.* To ſee none? If ſhe means of the common ſort ſhe is much in the right on't, I commend her Judgment, But I come from the King, Child.

Wom. There's the more Danger: But I tell you ſhe makes no diſtinction.

Sir *Tho.* Why, 'tis impoſſible; a Pox on thee, thou haſt miſtook her Orders; if ſhe is reſolv'd to ſee no body, let her come and tell me ſo her ſelf: What, does ſhe think ſhe was made for no other uſe than our Shrines are, to be ſhewn upon Holydays only?

Wom. I am the Servant of her Pleasure, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* So am I of my Masters. Prithee let them put their Pleasures together, and come to a right understanding. A young Woman, a handsome Woman, a brisk Woman, of a yielding Complexion, a sappy Constitution, a languishing Nature, turn Recluse? Why the Devil would as soon turn Taylor, and be bound to Thread his Needle in the dark always. Why! she's good enough for Nuns-flesh Thirty years hence, when she's weary of the World, satiated with Flesh, and fit for no other thing, but a Fryer to mumble his Mattins o'er.

Wom. What d'ye mean Sir?

Sir *Tho.* Why Child, I know 'tis against the Grain of any Woman in the World to be lock'd up, even in *Spain* it self, Love. But see, Rogue, see what the King has sent thee, all Yellow, prevailing Yellow, undeniable Yellow; this will dye Honour, or Conscience, Chastity, Friendship of any Colour whatsoever; and make Adultery look as Beautiful as the Snow driven Sheets of a Virgin Sacrifice in Wedlock. Besides, he has provided for thee a Husband, a huge feeding Fellow, and as tuff as Whalebone.

Wom. You have such pleasant Humours ---- but I dare not take it ---- my Lady is so----

Sir *Tho.* If thy Lady's such a Fool to stand in her own light, must the Maid follow the Example? Be wiser Child; for let me tell thee, a stale Waiting Woman is a Scurvy Commodity; refuse but the Market, and 'twill hang on thy Hands long enough.

Wom. If I must take it; but I can do nothing for't.

Sir *Tho.* Pshaw, pshaw, say what you will; but do as thou think'st fit.

Wom. But she has sworn never to see the King!

Sir *Tho.*

Sir *Tho.* What! not see the King! O Lord! O Lord! she's in the state of Damnation; I'll get a Father presently; but now I think on't, there's none can Absolve her better than himself, he'll take pains to Convert her.

Wom. She comes.

Enter Rosamond.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* Let me alone with her. — How does my sweet Lady, Nature's Pride, Pleasure of all our Senses, The Day's Comfort, the Night's Enlightner?

Rosa. Away, thou venerable Bawd, thou shame To Age and Sanctity.

Sir *Tho.* A very hopeful Beginning!

Rosa. The Badge of Years which should be In thee appears a Mark of Infamy. (Honourable, Leave me, be gone. Thy sight does strike a Horror, Such as if Hell should yawn the Tempter up, To second thy Delusion.

Sir *Tho.* She'll make me believe I'm a Fury anon.

Enter King.

Oh! 'tis well your Majesty has reliev'd me; I'm school'd to a fright, and give like a Tomb-stone against rainy Weather, Dew all over. Come, Charge, come; 'tis not for you and I to listen to State affairs; he's a going to swear her of his Cabinet Council. [*Exeunt* Sir Tho & Wom

Rosamond *sees the King, and is going out.*

King. Why dost thou shun my Love, thou (Charming Maid?
Why turn away thy Eyes, now they've undone me?
Thou shouldst have hid their killing Fires before:
Too well thy conscious Soul their Lustre knew,
Foresaw the Adoration they'd beget;
Thou shouldst have ever kept 'em from Mankind,

Or mingl'd Pity with their barbrous Pow'r.

Roſam. Why will you thus perplex your ſelf and me?
How often have I begg'd you to deſiſt!
Methinks the many times I have deny'd,
Might ſatisfy you, your Attempts are vain.

King. Judge rightly of the Patience of my Love,
With what a meek untir'd Zeal 't has waited,
Born all the cold Rebukes of rigid Virtue,
The harſh denials of a vigorous Honour,
Still creeping up to what I knew would cruſh me:
Like the weak Reed againſt the bluſt'ring North,
That nods and crouches to each angry blaſt,
Sinks down o'er preſs'd by the inſulting Storm;
Yet ſtill it ſwells, and ſlowly ſtrives to riſe,
To be blown down again.

Roſam. Oh! why do you purſue me?

King. Becauſe my Peace has took her flight that way,
And I muſt follow through this rugged Road
To find it out, though every ſtep I tread
Brings my ſtrict Search but nearer to Deſtruction.

Roſam. No, King, in vain you lay a Seige:
The Fort's impregnable.

King. You think my Power's the Leſs becauſe I Sue,
Begging that Bleſſing which I might Command.
How eaſie might I Seize the long'd-for Joy;
But Force diſſolves the Sweetneſs of the Charm.
Let then my Sufferings urge at laſt ſome Hope,
Let cruel Virtue yield but to a Parley,
Grant my Requeſt, and make thy own Conditions.

Roſam. What can you Hope from ſuch a wretched Conqueſt,
Where all the Spoil is Infamy and Shame?
Why would you ſoil the Glories of your Life,
In mingling with the Creature you have Made?

King. Nature may boaſt Thee as her Maſterpeice;
Thou'rt

Thou'rt the Reſult of vaſt and long Contrivance:
She practis'd hard e'er ſhe could reach her Mind.
And when ſhe Form'd thee from Original Thought,
The Copy ſtruck her with amazing Pleaſure,
And full Perfection recompenc'd the Toil.
Roſam. Wou'd I'd been Born a Leper,
And all thoſe Graces which have Wrong'd my (Virtue,
By breeding this Infection in your Heart,
Had been conſum'd or blaſted in their Bud.
King. Oh fearful Blaſphemy!
Roſam. I have Reaſon to curſe all Charms that (do attract
Your Eyes: But ſhould I once encourage your
Attempt, you that are Wedded, out of all Pow'r
Of making Recompence for what you muſt De- (ſtroy;
How will the World cenſure my ſenſeleſs Weakneſs
I muſt expect the Brand of Infamy,
All good Mens Curſes, and be truly Wretched.
King. No, *Roſamond*, I'll Place thee in a Sphere
Above the Reach of foul-mouth'd Envy,
Or the blackeſt Malice; where, like a Deity.
Thou mayſt Look down, and either pity
Or revenge thy Wrongs.
Roſam. Yes, by committing greater.
Therefore upon my Knees let me Intreat,
That you would Ceaſe this moſt ungrateful Suit,
Or Kill me, that will be a Deed of Mercy.
King. Would'ſt thou Command me to commit Self-murther?
My Life's in thine, and muſt partake its Fate.
Inexorable Fair! why wert thou Made
So wondrous Charming, yet in Love ſo Cruel?
Roſam. I muſt be gone; he gains upon my (Heart,
My Reſolution thaws before his Heat,
And the rich Treaſure of my ſpotleſs Honour

Will moulder into Droſs.
King. No, 'twill be refin'd.
And, like the Ore torn from the fertile Womb
Of the rich Mine, ſuffer a noble Trial,
Gaining the Royal Say.
Roſam. Impoſſible!
There's ſuch Antipathy 'twixt Vice and Virtue,
They will run Counter, ne'er Incorporate.
King. You are become a glorious Diſputant,
A harden'd Rebel 'gainſt the Cauſe of Love.
Roſam. I am no Enemy to Love, my Lord;
Far from the Title, I admire the Deity,
Cou'd pay him Homage: But you are ſo far,
So infinite above my humble State,
Ruin attends the Minute I comply.
You, like the Sun, while in its mid-way-Path
Of Heav'n's bright Arch, do with your Rays call forth
The Trees to Bloom, the Earth to yield her Fruit:
But when you draw too near the lower Orb,
Heat ſhoots too fierce, and withers all around.
Let me go hence.
King. Not tell you ſee me Dead,
My Heart-ſtring's broke, and this half-dying Body
Become a Victim to your Cruelty.
Roſam. Oh I am loſt!
My thirſty Soul drinks up his Words,
And, pleas'd with the rich Philtre, craves for more.
King. She's at a ſtand. [*Aſide.*
Muſt we then part for ever, *Roſamond?*
Roſam. For ever.
King. Oh hard Sound! For ever, ſaid you?
Roſam. If you ſtill Love me, as you ſay you do,
Unlooſe my Hand.
King. Bid the poor Dying Wretch quit his Reprieve,
Or tell the Hunger-ſtarv'd he muſt not Eat,
Both will Obey like me.

Rosam. You have undone a miserable Maid.

King. Ha! What do I hear is pity enter'd? Am I call'd to Life?

Rosam. No, I will not hear you, see you, mind you. [*Exit*

Know you; my Heart beats False, and if my Eyes Tell Tales, believe 'em not.

King. You must not go.

Rosam. I will and follow if you dare; for I Will never yield.

King. Nay, I must follow.

Rosam. Must you? then I'll stay.

King. Do.

Rosam. No.

King. May I not follow?

Rosam. I will not speak; You grow too Strong, Oh do not tempt the Weak [*Exit*

King. Her Virtue gives apace. Behold my Love, pursue her while she's Warm; An easie Rape will now dissolve the Charm. [*Exit* King

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Queen *alone, Reading.*

Queen. HOW dull is all this World without my Child! My Nature sickens, all my Senses droop; Each wresty Faculty disorder'd grows, And ev'ry Vessel through which Life does play Its feeding Blood, to Hearten and Refresh

The

The Limbs and Spirits to obey the Will,
Like Pipes choak'd up, no longer can Supply,
But backward Run, and Burſt for want of Paſſage.
Could I but find the honeſt, pious Abbot,
He'd Free me from this Labyrinth of Fear,
Reſolve my Doubts and give me Peace again.

[*Sits down and Reads.*

Enter Bertrad.

Bertr. Who the Devil put it into his Lordſhip's Head to employ me in State Affairs? I ſhall Marr all, for want of a Memory; and he might as well have attempted to make a Sieve hold Water, as truſted me with his Councils: It is certain I was never cut out for a Politirian. This Reverend Abbot has engag'd me in a fine Buſineſs. When *Roſamond* told me in Confeſſion of the King's Addreſs to her, and I acquainted his Lordſhip with it, he oblidg'd me to Perſuade her ſhe ought not to Reſiſt the Importunities of her Prince, leſt her Obſtinacy ſhould occaſion his Death, and Royal Murther was a dreadful Thing: But what's the Reaſon of his making me tell the Queen of it? He ſays 'tis to Revenge our Patron *Becket*: I know not what it may come to; he has promis'd me Preferment, and my Conſcience muſt ſubmit to my Ambition. ------ Oh ſhe's here, ------- How ſhall I Deliver my ſelf? ------- I am a curſed Orator. ---------- I'll put ſome hard Words together, which will ſound like Rhetorick. and that may paſs for Learning if ſhe underſtand 'em not. ------ Hail, Sacred Majeſty

Queen. The ſound of Health to a departing Wretch
Is not more Welcome than ſuch happy Company,
The true Reſtorative to a ſick Mind,
Since all the Phyſick which the Soul requires
Dwells in your Breaſts,

Ber-

Bertr. I ſhall Believe anon I'm not the Perſon I [took my ſelf for.

Queen. where have you left the Abbot?

Bertr. In his Cell,
Where on the cold hard Pavement he was Paying
His zealous Oriſons to all the Saints
For the Proſperity of the Illuſtrious Prince,
Your Royal Son.

Queen. How much he binds me to him!

Bertr. Now for my lofty Stile. [*Aſide.*
If the Nation, may it pleaſe Auguſt Majeſty,
Could but Comprehend the unaccountable Qualifi- [cations
Of his indiſputable Underſtanding, they would
Venerate the Indulgence of his Sanctity.

Queen. I do believe you, Father.

Bertr. Nay, I dare be bold to ſay; nay more, (affirm;
And what is more, confirm, That if the
Worthy Preſident he ſets Mankind, were follow'd,
There would be vaſt Sincerity of Conſcience,
And the Age, or World, (which you pleaſe) would (not
So Tranſcendently abound with Knaves and Vil- (lains.

Queen. Go on, Father.

Bertr. Whether I can or no? ----- No Abbot yet! ----- I ſhall be baffled preſently.

Queen. Why do you Pauſe? why are you thus (Concern'd?

Bertr. How ſhould it be otherwiſe, with profound Submiſſion, when the Sacred Ornaments of your Countenance appear not ſo Sublime as uſual; but the Rays of Dignity ſuffer as it were under the Repugnance of an Eclypſe? hum, hum.

Queen. The Abſence of the Prince is grievous (to me.

Bertr. Ay, Madam, you have mention'd the only Star

Star that Grac'd our Horrizon; to be depriv'd of him, is enough to put the conſiderating Part of the Nation into lacrimary Showers, Stupifying ſadneſs.
Enter Abbot, or I muſt *Exit*.

Queen. I am amaz'd!
You ſeem to hint at Dangers, and call up
My Blood which crouds too faſt about my Heart,
And makes it Pant with an unuſal Terror.
No Pain is ſure like that of Apprehenſion:
Therefore, good Father eaſe me of it quickly;
Pour in a Balm upon my bleeding Wounds,
Reſtore my Health, and give my Tortures eaſe.

Enter Abbot.

Bertr. He's come in good Time; for I am harſ-ed with the Apprehenſion of the Fury of her Diſpleaſure.

Abbot. The Hours of Peace, eternal Bleſſings (wait you;
May all your Prayers be heard, your Wiſhes (crown'd
And conſtant Happineſs attend 'em both.

Queen. 'Tis kindly Wiſh'd; but Anſwer me, (my Lord,
Pray, and be Sincere; wave Holy niceties,
And Tell me plainly, whither yon good Man
Is not Diſtemper'd in his Mind?

Abbot. Far from it, on my Word.

Bertr. Nay, if ſhe thinks me Mad for a little (Impertinence,
What will ſhe Think of the Church that's never (at quiet.

Abbot. He has Shot too far, I find it by his Looks; So it is always when he does amiſs.

Bertr. How could I help it? You might have come ſooner, before my Rhetorick tired, and have hindered the Stumbling of my Underſtanding.

Abbot,

Abbot. Be ſilent; I'll Fetch you off.
Your Majeſty it ſeems is Ignorant of what
This Holy Man is bleſs'd withal:
His Faſting, Watching, Praying, conſtant Penance,
Pull'd down from Heav'n the Gift of Propheſy.
Queen. Indeed my Lord!
Bertr. I did Prophecy, a Lye muſt help me truly.
Queen. He ſeem'd Concern'd for my Son's ſafety!
Abbot. I fear'd as much: Then all the Truth is out,
Why did you not avoid the Royal preſence?
It was not fit he Queen ſhould know it yet;
Babble no more, 'tis of ill Conſequence.
Bertr. What has he loſt his Beads he's ſo teſty?
Did not you tell me the Queen——
Abbot. Peace.
Bertr. Good Lord, what's the Matter now!
'Tis hard that one Church-man can't know the
Bottom of another.
Queen. Why do you rate him thus? Is it not fit,
If ought concern my ſafety, that I know it?
Be quick, and do not trifle with my expectation;
I ſhall forget the Sanction of your Robe,
And ſlight what I eſtem'd,
Abbot. Pardon me, Royal Miſtreſs;
I would not for the World offend that Goodneſs:
But this is ſuch a Tale which I muſt tell,
Will chill and ſtagger every Senſe about you:
Therefore if I do lagg in my Confeſſion,
Think it not want of Duty, but of Courage;
For, O, I dread the fatal conſequence
Which muſt attend the impreſſion it will make.
Queen. Go on, and fear not;
For I've a Soul ſo near Divinity,
I can behold the worſt that Fate can do,
And laugh at the Decree.

[*Abbot.*

Abbo. Then liſten, for I talk of wondrous things;
When Kings, to prove their fondneſs of a Son,
Expoſe him to the Toyl of Camps and Wars,
And danger is a mark of their eſteem.
Then yours is much belov'd.
If, when a Prince has got the Peoples Love,
And all their Jubilees expreſs his Name,
The Father, to indulge their kindneſs to him,
Sends him abroad to keep him in their mind,
Then ours is ſtrangely worſhipp'd.

Queen. Ha! (Prieſt!

Bert. What a rare pair of Bellows is a canting
She blazes already. (tyr'd;

Abbot. If when a King with ſacred Marriage
To ſhew how much yet ſtill he hugs that chain
On a freſh Beauty pours his longing Soul;
And jealous of her Rage whom he has wrong'd,
Removes all means by which ſhe might Revenge;
If this be proof that Wedlock he admires,
Then you are juſtly us'd. (abus'd?

Queen. How now; what ſay'ſt thou! Is my Bed
Or is my Son remov'd leaſt he ſhould right me?
Lay by thy cunning Rhetorick, and be plain;
Wind not my Weakneſs up with Preparation,
To make my Paſſion more extravagant, (up:
It needs it not; I want no Fire to keep my Anger
A Royal Spirit has a Pride that feeds it.

Abbot. 'Tis a ſad Truth indeed; but ſo it is,
The Lord of *Clifford*'s Daughter, *Roſamond*, (pher:
Wears the King's Heart, and you are but a Cy-

Queen. How know'ſt thou this, what certainty? ha,

Abbot. This holy Father is her Confeſſor. (ſpeak!

Bert. What will become of me!

Abbot. With vaſt Reluctancy he did reveal it,
Upon my promiſe I would ne'er diſcloſe it;
And now he ſhakes to find himſelf betray'd.

Queen. Come hither Prieſt.

Bert. Oh, Lord!

Queen.

Queen. Come hither; what do'ſt ſtart at?
Canſt thou conduct me where theſe Lovers meet?
Bert. Not for the World.
Queen. Better thy Soul were out on't.
Come Abbot, make him guide us
Where in each others Arms this pair are claſp'd,
That I may cut the twiſted folds aſunder.
Bert. Oh! I ſhall be hang'd for being of their Counſel, and betraying it afterwards. [*Aſide.*
Abbot. Oh, give not way to this deſtructive (Rage;
We ſhall be all undone by this raſh act;
Have Patience, and ſee further.
Queen. What! doſt thou lay my Body on the fire,
And bid me bear its Flames with whining Patience,
When I may quench it with a Rivals Blood?
Abbot. O horrid Reſolution!
Would you add Murder to Adultery,
And make your ſelf as wicked as the King?
Queen. Why didſt thou tell me then this curſed (Story?
Bert. Let Heav'n Revenge you.
Queen. I'll not ſtay ſo long.
Abbot. The Church ſhall Right you.
Queen. Both are too tedious for me:
Beſides you fear (although you hate) the King,
And as your Intereſt leads, you will direct.
No, you have light the Brand, and ſhall partake
The heat on't. (a ſhameful Cauſe?
Abbot. Is't fit our Piety ſhould be expos'd in ſuch
Upon our Knees, { *Kneel.*
Bert. Ay, upon our Knees,
Queen. Is't fit your Piety ſhould be expos'd?
Is't fit my Dignity ſhould be abus'd?
Thus ſtill your Churches Credit you'll maintain,
No matter what we ſuffer, if you Reign:
But ſince my Soul you've ſet upon the Rack,
And touch'd my Love, I'll my own meaſures take;

Give

Give my Eyes proof of what your Tongues have told;
Think not to ſhun me, by your Robes I'll hold;
And if I find my Peace you have abus'd,
Never were Hereticks ſo baſely uſed
By your Church Tyranny, as you ſhall be by me;
Away, be gone, lead on, avaunt Hipocriſy.

[*Exeunt, turning to each, and puſhing* Bertrard.

Scene opens, Roſamond Reading.

Roſam. How am I alter'd! how eſtrang'd of late!
Virtue has taken her Flight, and Innocence,
The bright, the only Jewel of the Sex,
Flies this polluted place as from Infection.
Oh! Honour, what a dreadful loſs thou art,
And yet how hard to keep from what we Love!
How diſmal 'tis to think of what I've done!
Should he prove falſe now, change like other Men,
And only Triumph o'er his wretched Conqueſt,
How much more dreadful will my Loſs appear!
Oh! could Men gueſs the Terror we endure,
What 'twixt our Honour and our Love we ſuffer,
They ſure would prize each generous Maid much more,
And, as their Souls, indulge them to the laſt.
Aſpatia.

Aſpa. Madam.

Roſa. Sing me that Song I gave thee th'other day,
And if thou canſt, charm me into a Slumber.

Enter Abbot and Queen.

Abbot. Behold your Rival, and ſurvey her Glory;
But not a word of *Bertrard*, or of me.

Queen. Be gone.

Abbot. No; I'll behold the Rancour of thy Malice,
Thy thirſt of Blood, and moſt inſatiate Fury.

Now

Now *Rosamond* thou dieſt, or elſe Revenge
Lags in its Courſe; No, run thy full Career,
The maſter Stroke of my Deſigns lie here.
Rosa. What do I ſee! or is't an Apparition!
My Blood runs backward to my frightned Heart,
And ſomething tells me that my Fate is near. (up
Queen. Appear thou fairy Queen, and ſummon
Thy Hoſt of Spirits to defend their Charge;
For I am come to ſnatch away thy Glories,
Diſſolve thy Charms, and hurl thee to Deſtruction.
Rosa. Why, Madam, this to me? What have I (done
To move thoſe Frowns, or urge theſe angry words?
Queen. You to my Anger are it ſeems a ſtranger,
But with my Rights are very intimate:
What canſt thou ſee Defective in this Face,
That you dare vye for Place, or hope for Conqueſt?
Rosa. You plunge me ſtill in wonder and amaze-
I ever pay'd that awful Head ſuch Duty (ment!
As is expected by a Crown from Subjects:
But if ſome evil Tongue has blacken'd me,
To make me odious in your Royal Looks,
I cannot help the baſeneſs of my Foes;
But I ſhall ſtill adore, tho' I am ſcorn'd. (heap
Queen. Oh! that this Wretch, this indigeſted
Of crouding Beauties, which do each outvy
For Place and Praiſe from the admiring World,
Should have a Soul ſo unworthy of its Frame;
How poorly doſt thou ſtrive to hide thy Faults,
And ſhake for what the better part o'th' Sex would (boaſt of.
Laſt Night, laſt Night, canſt thou deny the Bleſſing,
When in the Arms of my moſt Treacherous Lord
You Laugh'd and Revell'd the ſhort Hours away,
Whil'ſt I in Ignorance expecting lay?
Rosa. Oh, I am loſt!
Queen. Thou art indeed,
But my Revenge is ſtarv'd;

Thy

Thy Life's too little to appeaſe its hunger:
I would contrive ſome way, if poſſible,
To be as long in torturing thy Soul,
As the remembrance of thy Crimes will mine.
Roſa. Will you not hear me ſpeak?
Queen. What canſt thou plead,
What urge in thy Defence, thou guilty fair one?
Haſt thou not rob'd me of my Souls beſt thought?
For ever torn my Intereſt from his Love?
Stript me of all my Wiſhes, all my Joys,
Deafned his Ears to my complaining Soul,
And lock'd up every Paſſage to his Heart?
Roſa. I ſhun'd him, long was deaf to his Deſires,
Avoided him as an approaching Plague,
For well I ſaw the fatal Conſequence:
To an exceſs of Rudeneſs I abjur'd him;
Nay, yet have only liſtned to his Love.
Queen. By Hell 'tis falſe: thou haſt enjoy'd it too.
Think'ſt thou to blunt my Rage by this denyal?
No, I am too well convinc'd of what is paſt:
Therefore prepare thy ſelf for what's to come.
[*Draws a Dagger.*
Roſa. Oh! Mercy.
Queen. Mercy,
Canſt thou deſire to live, and I in being!
Methinks thou ſhould'ſt intreat me to diſpatch;
Conſidering what a Plague I ſhall be to thee:
When firſt I heard the Name of *Roſamond*,
I thought to find an Amazonian Spirit,
One that dar'd Cope with injur'd Majeſty,
And ſtand the Proof who beſt deſerv'd a King:
But I have err'd, for he has choſen one,
The Relict of ſome poor half ſtarv'd Plebean,
Dreſs'd up with the pageant Greatneſs, to allure
The roving Appetite of a looſe King.
Roſa. I held as Rich, as Pure, and Noble Blood
As any of my Sex; till this curs'd Change
Sullied my Veins, and ſtain'd my Family.

Queen.

Queen. The Sacrifice will be the Nobler for't:
Prepare. [*Holds the Dagger up.*

Roſa. Muſt I then dye?
Is there no Pity left? (Strangers.

Queen. Baniſh the thought, Mercy and I are
Yet e're thou goeſt, I charge thee to abjure his (Name,
Quit all Pretenſions to him,
Curſe him before the Pangs of Death come on,
For hurrying thee to Hell before thy time.

Roſa. No, I will bleſs him to my utmoſt Gaſp,
Groan forth his Name, as he has ſigh'd out mine;
Think on the kneeling Hours he has wept away,
The many charming Words that mov'd my Heart,
The mighty Changes that my Smiles, and Frowns
Have rais'd in his expecting, doubtful Soul;
The tranſports of his Trembling, Fierce Embraces,
And hug him with ſuch eagerneſs to Heav'n.

Queen. Then face thy Doom. [*Moves forward.*

Roſa. I do:
I have invok'd the Patron of my Love,
And now the weakneſs of my Sex has left me;
Since I muſt die for Love, my Love ſhall arm me,
I know his hatred muſt purſue thee for it;
Nay, I believe he will Revenge me too:
But ſince I know this Act will Curſe thee from him,
Live, and be wretched in his Scorn.

Queen. So Arrogant! ſink Towring Sorcereſs.
[*Offers to Stab her.*

Enter King and Sir Tho. Vaughan.
[*The King ſtops her.*

King. O, hold, it muſt not be.

Queen. Why doſt thou barr the Stroke, ungrate-
Unleſs thou would'ſt employ the Point on me; (ful Man,
Here, ſtrike, I know thou hateſt me *Henry*;
Rip up this Boſom, mangle my fond Heart

That

That bleeds for thy unkindness; do it quickly,
And shew you have some sparks of Pity left.

King. Be calm, my Queen, hush up these jarring Passions;
Let not thy Jealousy exceed thy Reason,
Lest blab-tongu'd Fame should tell the envious World
The Frailties of us both.

Queen. Would I were dead.

King. Banish that Wish for ever; Oh, *Eleanor*,
If I have Sally'd from great Hymen's Laws,
And surfeited on strange forbidden Fruit,
'Tis I must answer for the great Offence;
Why should you seek to stain your purer Hands
In Violence and Blood? Why so Pollute
Thy Innocence with Infamy and Shame?

Rosa. What is't I hear! Nay, then would Death have reach'd me. [*Aside.*

Queen. How can you flatter thus, and she in hearing?
I know 'tis only to delude my Rage;
'Tis Nobler killing me, than thus to cheat me:
When I am gone, without controul
You and your Paramour in Sin may triumph,
While poor neglected I, your slighted Queen,
Sleep quiet in the cold and silent Earth:

King. Oh, dreadful Tryal,
How can I comply with Justice here,
And not destroy what most I cover there? [*Aside.*

Rosa. He's a-stand, his Love has time to think;
Nay then, I find he cools, and I am lost. [*Aside.*

Queen. I do but hinder you from your Desires,
And tho' my Soul is put upon the Wrack
When I lose any share in your Affection,
Yet since you covet it, I will retire.

King. Stay, *Eleanor*, and be convinc'd at last
Thy Power is Absolute, and yields to none;
That I have lov'd her, with a blush I own;
Nay, doated too with vast excess of Longing;
But sure it was some vile Enchantment rid me:

The

The Spell's dissolvd by thy more powerful Charms,
And I'm asham'd of my Infatuation.
Rosa. Oh, faithless, perjur'd, and ungrateful
Queen. Can this be Real? (Monster!
King. By Heav'n the Tide of Love has run its
And all Desire is Ebbing. (highest,
Queen. But the next Flood the Torrent will re-
And *Rosamond* break down your Resolution, (turn,
King. Impossible:
There is more Pureness, Sweetness, true Delight
In thee, my Queen, than ere I found
In all the Wilds and Salleys of my Life.
Queen. Oh, blessed Sound! (thee
King. The World has not thy worth; for in
All that thy Sex can boast of is intire.
Queen. I do believe you, tho' I know 'tis feign'd,
Yet I will seem transported with the Change,
And stab my Rival with the sight of it. (Place,
King. Come let us hence, and leave this hated
Queen. I know this Sight must make you envy me;
But I, in kind return, will pity thee.
Rosa. O King, farewell.

[*As they are going,* Rosamond *Swoons,* *King turns back.*

Sir *Tho.* O! help, she Swoons.
King. Ha! What is that!
Queen. Only a trick to bring you back again:
A fit o'th' Sullens; come my Lord away.
King. What! leave her dying, 'twere unnatural.
Rosa. Oh, cruel Man! (gick,
Queen. The Syren now begins to tune her Ma-
And betray your Promise.
King. Oh, *Rosamond!*
Queen. Is this well done, my Lord? (pir'd;
King. 'Twas but the Blair of Love as it ex-
And now 'tis gone for ever: Heart keep thy bounds,
And do not shew my falshood at my Eyes;
This is the rigidst Task I ever met with:

I tor-

I torture all the Comfort of my Life,
To pleaſe the moſt vexatious Thing, a Wife. [*Ex.*

Sir *Tho.* Madam, Madam, wont you ſpeak? [The King's gone,
Ben't frightned ſo, 'twas only to blind the Queen;
He Loves you ſtill above all.

Roſa. Why have you call'd me back to Miſery,
To endleſs Trouble, and eternal Sorrow?

Sir *Tho.* Nay, I don't know what to think on't;
I fear we're undone. (Life:

Roſa. Curſe be the Chance that ſpar'd this hated
Curſe be the Hour when firſt my Soul gave way,
And drank the Philtre of his baneful Tongue:
May Night for ever cloud me from the World;
May the vile wretched Name of *Roſamond*
Sink through the Leaves of Memory for ever.

Sir *Tho.* Be Comforted, good Madam;
(Oh, what will become of me!) [*Aſide.*
All may be well yet.

Roſa. Hence Bawd, thou Penſioner of Hell,
Betrayer of all Innocence and Virtue,
Thy Soul muſt anſwer for the Wrack mine ſuffers:
Oh, Flattering King! Oh, curs'd diſſembling Sex:
That can for Months and Years lye at our Feet,
And Sigh and Swear, Adore us, and Intreat;
Promiſe whatever we'll Impoſe, Invent,
And look as what they ſaid they really meant;
But when our frail and tender Tempers move
To Recompence with what their Souls moſt love;
So quickly with the long'd for Feaſt they're cloy'd,
That always ſhe that gave it was deſtroy'd. [*Exit.*

Sir *Tho.* So, now have I time to repent before
I'm hang'd; and that's all.

Enter Abbot.

Abbot. Confuſion on this Reconcilement! all's (undone!
Who's

Who's that? Sir *Thomas Vaughan?* Oh, I'll work him.
How is't, Sir *Thomas?*

Sir *Tho.* Why, preparing for the other World, Father,
And you are come to give me a helping Hand:
'Tis very hard, we can neither live without you,
Nor die without you. cov'ry

Abbot. Oh, I gueſs what you mean; the Diſ-
Of *Roſamond*, and the King being Reconcil'd
To the Queen, makes you apprehend her Anger
May be fatal: but fear not, I'll make your
Peace there. in your Life.

Sir *Tho.* Why, you may do a good thing for once

Abbot. I will. But do you think this Change

Sir *Tho.* I hope not. i'th' King is real?

Abbot. I'm ſure not; he's gone into his Cloſet,
And has left the Queen abruptly; follow him,
And I'll attend the Queen; we'll meet an hour
Hence, and then confer. [*Exit.*

Sir *Tho.* With all my Heart. I'm more glad to hear they're parted already, than the Queen could be at his leaving *Roſamond.* Chear up Sweetheart, he's thine ſtill: What a Pox! be hang'd in the firſt Year of my Pimping! how ſhould Favourites get Eſtates at that rate? For all this, I don't like this ſame Abbot: I thought there was no good towards, when I ſaw Him and the Queen coming to this Place; and therefore call'd the King to prevent the Miſchief I fear'd. This may be a Lye of his, and only a Deſign to ſend me to the King juſt now in his Rage, to diſpatch me immediately, No matter I'll venture.

For if the King holds his honeſt Intention,
I'll thank him to hang me, for I'm ſure of no Penſion.
[Exit.

ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Abbot,

Abbot. THus to be Shipwreck'd in the ſight of (Harbour,
Juſt when I perfected my great Deſign,
Throws up the Gall with that impetuous force,
I burn, I rave, I ſhall grow mad with Anger.
Had ſhe been murder'd, what a Scene had follow'd!
What wild Diſtractions, and ungovern'd Rage!
All would have been embroil'd. Should now the (King
(As poſſibly he may) find out the Drift,
Ruin, eternal Ruin were my Doom.
I was afraid of *Bertrard*; but he's firm,
Fix'd to my Cauſe, and yielding to my Will.
Let me conſider.—Ha! the King!

Enter King, Verulam (*as from* France) Suſſex, Aumerle, *Guards*, &c.

King. Are all his Vows of Duty, Loyalty,
Obedience come to this; ſurely the Climes Infect-
The Witchcraft of Rebellion taints the Air, (ed,
And all who breath it ſuck the foul Pollution.

Abbo. Sure there is Miſchief towards, ha! *Ve-* (*rulam*!
Nay, then my Friends in *France* have match'd my (Wiſhes.

Veru. The whole Deſign was form'd long ſince in Hell,
It was ſo black, the Inſtruments ſo many,
We ſcarce had Landed, when the factious People,
Headed

Headed by their Officious, Fauning Guides,
With univerſal Acclamations welcom'd
His ſafe Arrival; Every one outvied
Which ſhould be foremoſt in his Adoration:
They look'd upon him as one ſent from Heaven
To be their Patron, their Deliverer.

King. Go on.

Veru. Still as we paſs'd through any Town or Village,
The Windows, Tops of Houſes ſwarm'd with People,
To gaze upon the entrance of their Deity.

King. The uſual method of the giddy Rabble.

Veru. When he had reach'd the City, at the Gates
A Train of ſleek, ſmooth, beauteous Youths appear'd,
The Ganimedes and Hylaſſes o' th' Convents
Array'd like Angels all in pureſt white:
Theſe paſt; a numerous Hoſt of lazy Singing-men
Chanted out *Io peans*, in his praiſe:
Behind, in Ranks, the Jolly well-fed Brothers
O' th' ſeveral Orders, in their ſacred Veſtments,
The Banners of their Founders ſtill diſplay'd;
Trudg'd heavily along; each lolling on his Fellow
With Reverend Waddle, blowing as they ſtalk'd,
Puff'd out his Name, and bleſs'd the good young Prince.

King. Ten thouſand Devils tear 'em for't.

Abbot. Ten thouſand Angels hug 'em for't.

Veru. Thus it continu'd till we gain'd the Palace,
Where a new Scene begins; The Crouds of Gentry
That waited there to offer Fealty,
Would poze Arithmetick to ſum 'em up.
Theſe offer'd him the Crown.

King. How now!

Abbot. Why, now 'tis as it ſhould be.

Veru. He thankfully accepted the kind offer,
Embrac'd 'em, ſpoke 'em fair and promis'd fairer;

Nay, at their parting, ſervilely attended 'em,
Even to the outward Gate of the throng'd Court.

Abbot. Bleſs'd be the Prieſts that taught him ſo much breeding.

Veru. The Ceremonious Day now being ended,
And he withdrawn to reſt, I thought it time
To ſpeak my Soul, and let him know his Error.

King. How did he bear it from you?

Veru. Knitting his Brows, with a Majeſtick Frown
He told me I was Sawcy, Malepert,
And border'd upon Treaſon; He was of Age,
Nor did he want a Tutor; bad me be gone
On forfeit of my Life: Then laying his Hand
Upon his Sword, he let theſe Words eſcape:
Think'ſt thou I will refuſe the Gift of Heav'n,
And what the People court me to Poſſeſs?
No: I'll aſſert my Right againſt the World:
And here ſhake off all curbing tyes of Blood.

King. No more;
He ſhall be whip'd into his Duty, *Verulam*,
What! dare me to the Combat, Inſolent Boy;
He ſhall not find I am enervated,
Let all the Ports immediately be ſtopp'd [*To* Suſſex.
Set up the Royal Standard, Summon all into the Field,
'Tis I your King, Command it. [*To* Aumerle.
I'll face this Rebel, meet this young Uſurper:
Scourge from the Earth this Peſt of Humane kind,
And be a Terror to the Univerſe.
But haſte, ſee all things got in readineſs,
I will ſet forth to morrow.

Veru. I fly my Lord. [*Exeunt all but the* King *and* Abbot.

King. Oh *Roſamond!*
The Wrongs that I have done thee, cry aloud;
The horrid Vows and fearful Imprecations
By which I won thy Virtue to compliance,
Have made appeal to a more righteous Judge,
And fall in Show'rs of Vengeance on my Head.

Abbot.

Abbot. This is above my Wiſhes. Up, Diſſimulation;
Sweet Flattery, with all thy Pomp attend my words,
That I may gain belief. [*Seems to weep.*

King. How! can he weep? are Miracles not ceas'd?

Abbot. Who can forbear, that ſhall behold you thus
Loaded with Grief, o'er preſs'd with Miſeries?
The moſt inveterate Heathen to our Faith,
The Stranger to Humanity or Pity,
Would grow a Statue, turn a *Niobe*,
If he but knew how much the King was injur'd.

King. Oh wond'rous Converſion!

Abbot. I came to gratulate the Victory
O'er your unlawful Love,
And thought to find you bright, ſerene and gay,
Shining with Luſtre, Crown'd with a Reward;
Not all the Noble Virtues of your Soul
Hurry'd into a Storm. Oh diſmal ſight!

King. Am I ſo alter'd then from what I was?
Look, view me well; I find no Alteration;
My Pulſe keeps time, my Vigour is the ſame,
And am I not as much a King as ever?

Abbot. Your Looks are ſtill Auguſt, your Perſon Sacred;
Yet, when the Sun is mantled up in Clouds,
And day ſhuts in before the wonted Hour:
People are ſtruck with Wonder and Amazement,
With Fear obſerve, and doubt the dreadful Change.

King. You would inferr, it ſeems, I am eclips'd;
But as that Sun you mention'd does regain
From diſmal Darkneſs a more ſplended Light;
Ev'n ſo will I, ſpight o'th' United Power
Of Hell and Earth, conſpir'd againſt my Crown,
Though my raſh Son heads their Rebellious Rage,

Abbot. What ſays my Lord?
Sure the ſweet Prince is innocent.
King. Thou ſeem'ſt a Stranger to't.
Abbot. I heard that Mutiny was on the Wing,
And Treaſon Lacquey'd it on ev'ry ſide;
But that your Son, Him whom you made ſo (Great,
Should ſide with 'em is moſt Unnatural.
King. He is proclaim'd their King and I a (Tyrant.
Abbot. Indeed! Is't poſſible! O piercing Sound!
My trembling Knees give way, they ſhake with (Horror!
King. If this bare Tale can pierce thy flinty (Breaſt,
Call up Remorſe and Pity to thoſe Eyes;
If thou ſhould'ſt know the burden of my Life,
'Twould ſink thee quick into eternal Darkneſs.
Abbot. Alas! I pity you indeed I do.
Heav'n knows how much I grieve for your Af- (flictions.
King. Do I not ſtand accurs'd at *Rome* for (Murther,
Though all good Men do know my Innocence?
My Son Rebels, and an unnatural War is at the (door,
While wild Diſtraction reigns within my Palace.
But theſe I could endure:
But Oh! the loſs of *Roſamond* that's Mortal.
Abbot. Indeed my Lord it is a mighty Tryal,
Thus to caſt off the lovely beauteous Creature,
Whoſe Soul was fraught with Dotage on your (Perſon,
Whoſe all of Study was your Royal Pleaſure.
King. Has Beauties Power then influenc'd thy (Breaſt?
Abbot. I would not ſoil that Beauty with De- traction;
Nay,

Nay, I muſt pity, though I dare not help her;
Cou'd almoſt wiſh I were of Temporal Kind,
To ſhew how I would ſtrive to ſerve you both.
King. Oh charitable Father! now thou work'ſt
Preach on this Subject, I will ever liſten: (me;
My Soul as to an Oracle ſhall truſt,
And with implicit Faith I'll ever ſerve thee.
Abbot. As I'm a Man, I muſt confeſs
I do admire the Sex, though I'm deny'd 'em;
Pity the tender Fair, when in diſtreſs,
And fancy, if I had ever Lov'd, (Charmer:
'Twould have deſtroy'd me to have loſt the
But *Roſamond*, indeed, ſhe is a wonder;
The ſingle Fondling of the Univerſe.
Her Sexes envy and the Pride of Heaven.
King. Wonder, on Wonder ſtill.
Abbot. I ſaid, the Fondling of the Univerſe.
The ſenſeleſs Babe, when in its Nurſes Arms
He ſees her paſs, ſprings forward towards the fair
(one,
Leaves the lov'd Breaſt to gaze upon her Face:
Nay, even the wither'd, Antiquated Sire,
Half dead with Age, and hanging on his Crutch,
If he beholds her, feels new ſap ſhoot up,
His ſhrivell'd Veins inlarge, and Strength comes
Forgets his Props and Limps to Worſhip her. (on;
King. Art thou my Rival, ha?
Abbot. Who? I my Lord! thus;
King. None but a Lover could deſcribe her
And yet thy praiſe falls ſhort of her perfection:
Thou yet haſt only touch'd her outward Charms;
But, Oh! the inward beauties of the Mind,
The temper of her Soul, ſure none can match:
So mild a Nature, and ſo ſoft a Frame,
So ſweet a Spirit, ſo ſecure from Anger,
That even Oppreſſion ſcarce can taint her calmneſs.
One would believe Patience and Courteſy
Had left the reſt o'th' World and center'd there.

Abbot. Yet after all these Graces which you've (nam'd,
To leave her, 'tis a matchless Virtue sure.
King. Ha! Leave her said'st thou? Is't possible?
Speak Father, and be merciful a little,
'Tis not a dreadful Sin to love this Angel?
Heav'n should be worship'd.
Abbot. You are Married.
King. Curse on the horrid Yoak.
Abbot. And yet----- (sign my Crown;
King. What? Oh, Comfort Priest, and I'll re-
The Church shall govern all. [*Sure that will bribe* (*thee*]. *Aside.*
Abbot. 'Twas a strange Marriage; She only (was Divorc'd
When you espous'd her,---She partly was anothers?
King. Nay I did never think our Marriage
What think you holy Sir? (Lawful;
Abbot. I dare not Answer.
King. Nay, do not leave me here thus doubting.
Abbot. 'Tis not an Office suiting with my Fun-
To sow a difference.----- (ction,
King. No, make up one where Love is most
Abbot. Ask a Civilian. (concern'd.
King. Ha!
Abbot. What have I said, alas I meant not so-----
King. Nay, fly not back, By Heav'n I've caught (thy Words,
And hold 'em fast in memory: I will have ease (immediatly.
Abbot. Have Patience Sir, let not my folly-----
King. In vain you urge; By Heav'n I'll know
I can be free: (how far
Why have I cherish'd up this Plague so long?
I coupled with a Fury when I Married,
Compar'd to *Rosamond*, that All of sweetness:
We have ingender'd Vipers, which dire Brood
Suck'd from the Mother-Gall instead of Milk;

They

They thirſt for Blood, and hunger after Life,
But I will ſhake 'em from me, yes, I will:
This ſtorm once paſt, all ſhall be huſh and calm.
Abbot. I have out gone the Rules of Holy Orders;
My over Zeal made me forget my ſelf.
King. Loſe not the Reputation you have gain'd,
Nor ſtrive to alter what I have decreed,
She ſhall be mine; The Goddeſs ſhall be mine,
Tho' half the Iſle fall as a Sacrifice.
Spight of all Laws both Humane and Divine,
I'll win my Love, or periſh at her Shrine. [*Exit King.*
Abbot. He's caught:
The great *Leviathan* is caught;
Now let him Roar, and fill the Air with Clamour,
Spout up an Ocean, laſh himſelf with Rage:
And foam with ſmart of his deep piercing Wounds:
Oh! thou dear Manes of my Patron *Becket*,
If what I'm doing is worthy in thy Eye,
Smile on thy Vaſſal toyling for Revenge.

Enter Queen *and Attendants.*

Queen. He is abus'd, ſome Villain has abus'd him,
His Temper's eaſy as the down of *Turtles*,
Fitter for Dallyance and a Lady's Chamber,
Than the rude hardſhips of deſtructive War.
What ſay you, Father, is he not impos'd on?
Some Paraſite, ſome moſt officious Knave,
Whoſe Trade of Life is falſhood, has been buſy
About the King, and whiſper'd his undoing.
Abbot. I wiſh I knew the Villain for your ſake;
But there's no hopes appearing,
A fearful Combination holds againſt us,
Of many Heads and Hands in this deſign,
All which are Rivitted to our Deſtruction.
Queen. Do'ſt thou ſuſpect my Son?
Abbot. Not for the World.
I have examin'd thorowly the Cauſe-

Of this Diſorder, and I find, or elſe
My Judgment errs, His being well receiv'd
By the kind *Normans* was the Source of all:
And envious *Verulam*, who was impos'd
Over the Prince to ſnub him like a School-boy.
Queen. What ſays the Father. Was he planted with (him,
To overlook, and govern all his Actions?
Abbot. So the King deſign'd;
But the brave Youth finding his Inſolence,
Diſcharg'd his Diligence, ſent him fretting home,
Fraught with Complaints, for being juſtly ſlighted;
Nor has he wanted to incenſe the King,
With a feign'd Tale, larded with Suppoſitions,
That he aſpires the Soveraign Power of Rule.
Queen. But ſure, good Father, this is not all,
There's ſome more powerful Cauſe; (pets?
Why elſe this Noiſe of Drums, and ſound of Trum-
This hurry and confuſion in the Court?
Abbot. Ah, Madam, there's a Myſtery in that
Which few Men knows, and thoſe can't prevent it.
Queen. Do not conceal a tittle from me.
Abbot. The Subject will offend you.
Queen. Nothing but Silence can. (ſtion,
Abbot. Pray give me leave humbly to ask a Que-
How parted you this Morning? (nable;
Queen. With all the kindneſs, tenderneſs imagi-
The long Arrears of Love are fully pay'd,
And I ſuſpect no more.
Abbot. Then I have done.
Queen. 'Tis poſſible you thought
He long'd and hanker'd after *Roſamond*;
No, his Heart's mine, he gave me full Poſſeſſion;
And I'll ſecure none ſhall invade the Truſt.
Abbot. What pity 'tis ſuch Goodneſs ſhould be
Queen. Ha! ſaidſt thou? (wrong'd!
Abbot. Nothing. (muſt out:
Queen. Nas there is ſomething in thee which
Abbot,

Abbot. Why, would you know what would deſtroy your Reſt?

Queen. I charge thee by the Sanction of thy Robe
Speak, tell me quickly, think'ſt thou he is falſe?

Abbot. Where did you leave him?

Queen. Going to Counceil.

Abbot. He by this, no doubt, has both received
and given good Advice.

Queen. Of whom? To whom?

Abbot. Of *Roſamond*, his Minion,
Who ſits enthron'd, and ſhining like a Goddeſs
Within the glorious Manſion he has built
At *Woodſtock*: There uncontroul'd ſhe dictates,
And he as readily obeys the Task.

Queen. She choſe that Place for her Retirement.

Abbot. A Cloiſter had been fitter.
There with ſtrict Diſcipline ſhe might be humble;
But here ſhe Riots in Exceſs.

Queen. That I ſhould ſpare her Life.

Abbot. It was good Nature, but not Policy.
I cannot ſpeak for Tears when I behold you,
[*Weeps.*
To think what Villanies are hatch'd againſt you;
You and your Royal Iſſue are undone,
Unleſs the Gods be kind.

Queen. Is't poſſible!

Abbot. All of us are Embarqu'd in one Calamity;
The Church, as well as you, muſt bare her ſhare.

Queen. How! where? In what?

Abbot. He cannot introduce his Innovation,
His curſt deſign of Modelling the Church,
Without Divorcing you.

Queen. Why, doſt thou fear it?

Abbot. If he returns Victorious, as well he may,
Since the Deſign's his own, then comes the Tryal,
And *Roſamond* ſucceeds Queen *Eleanor*.

Queen. I ſhiver with the dreadful Apprehenſion;
But ſure, how e'er I ſuffer, he will not wrong his (Children.
Abbot. He that will do the one, may do the o-
While his Luſt flames high: (ther,
You ſee already, what a ſpecious means
He takes, to blaſt their growing Reputation.
Come, let me tell you, that it ſeems to me
To be the Prelude of their Sacrifice. (thee;
Queen. No, *Roſamond*, the King, my ſelf, and
Nay, all the World ſhall periſh, e'er that happen:
I ſhall grow wild; I feel Diſtraction preſſing:
I'll Stab her inſtantly.
Abb. You muſt not?
'Tis a noiſy Death, 'twill make a Clamour (Name.
'Mongſt the common People, and ſully your good
Queen, Why, would you have her Live?
Abb. No, by no means.
She's a rank Heretick, deſerves to ſuffer
The worſt of Deaths, and feel ſevereſt Torments;
Why do I ſide thus with you elſe, but to
Inform you how to prevent yours (Act,
And the Churches Fate? 'Twill be a Meritorious
A Glorious Deed, and Heaven muſt, ſure, Ap-
Its Miniſters of Juſtice. (plaud,
Queen. How! ſhall ſhe dye then?
Abb. As Vermin do, by Poiſon:
It makes no Noiſe, and is a certain Servant.
Queen. But when?
Abb. Not till to Morrow,
When the King's abſence will Aſſiſt
The Undertaking. (Bower?
Queen. How ſhall we gain Admiſſion to the
Abb. Leave that to me: *Bertrand*, her Confeſſor,
Who time from time has been my Tool, my En-
Shall be the Inſtrument to Dole the Bane, (gine,
And we, as ſtanders by, behold the Deed. (ſelf;
Queen. By Heav'n! I'll have the Pleaſure on't my

From

From my own Hand she shall the Potion drink,
For being my Rival, 'twill torment her more.
And I will Triumph o'er her sinking Soul,
Disturb her dying with my Husbands Name,
Plague her with thinking she must leave him mine;
And lest the Poison too much haste should make,
I'll *Henry* Sing to keep her Pains awake. [*Ex. Queen.*

Abb. And if her Vengeance from its Purpose (start,
Stars! 'tis your fault, I'm sure I've done my Part.
[*Ex. Abbot.*

Enter King *and* Rosamond,

King. Is't possible, that such a cruel Thought
Could ever harbour with my *Rosamond*?
Did you not see constraint in every Part?
The Agony that Nature suffer'd under,
Fearing the Jealousy of an incens'd Queen?

Rosa. Away. (Crime

King. As one who views his Friend, seiz'd for a
Which he himself was equal Partner in,
He cunningly insinuates to the Croud,
Sides with their Prejudice and Clamours loudest,
Till by degrees he moulds 'em to his Purpose,
And, as a Stranger, pitying the Offence,
Flatters their surly Natures to dismiss him:
So I, by seeming to abhor thy Guilt,
Shelter'd my own, and skreen'd thee from her Rage.

Rosa. You sav'd me from the Rack to dye by
Preserv'd me only from her Jealousy, (Fire;
To suffer by your greater Perjury.
No, I'm convinc'd you never lov'd at all,
Or else so little, you your self scarce knew it.

King. By Heaven, I Love thee more than Love
My Soul's uneasy with the vast Excess. (can speak;
It fain would throw its fondness in thy Bosom:
It languishes with Pain to tell its Pleasure.

It

It ſwells with every touch as it would burſt:
It longs to ſpeak what it can ne'er expreſs.
Deſire is over-taken by Deſire;
Like Waves they ſwallow up each other ſtill,
And wiſhes, like the Sands, are numberleſs.
Roſa. With Words, like theſe, you firſt over-
(power'd my Weakneſs,
Drew me to baſe Compliance with your Falſhood,
To loſs of Honour, Kindred, Friends and Fame,
And yet, methought, I never ſhould have miſs'd 'em.
I found no want whilſt I had *Henry*'s Love,
But wanting that, the World is Barren to me:
Love, like a rough-bred Warrior, almoſt ſtarv'd,
So full was bent on one reviving Meal,
It ſatiated with greedineſs, not feeding,
And being in haſte forgot its Benefactor.
King. But Gratitude has met me in the way,
And ſent me back to pay my thanks to Love:
Oh! Pardon then thoſe Errors fear Created,
And let the inward Friendſhip of my Soul,
Plead for the outward coldneſs of Behaviour.
Roſa. Oh flattering Sex! whoſe Tongues are
(at Command
To Conquer ſtill, what e'er their Hearts deſire!
Why, why, ye Powers, did you on Man beſtow
Such an unbounded Senſe, to win our fondneſs,
And yet ſo little Honour to indulge it?
His Tongue has Charms equal to his Embraces,
And one is by the other ſtill reliev'd,
That there's no end of Pleaſure where he is.
King. Relentleſs Creature! is this Woman's
Can that Divinity bear ſo unmov'd? Uſage?
Some curſed Fiend has ſtol'n upon thy Sleep,
And chang'd the Nature of my *Roſamond*.
What is it you could think to aſk of me,
But I'd have granted it before 'twas nam'd?
Wilt thou not ſpeak? Muſt I be gone for ever?
What! not a look to tell me I may ſtay?

If

If thy proud Heart's too ſtubborn to expreſs it,
Give me a doubtful glance to keep me here.
All!—All are ſhut againſt my intreating Prayers!
Farewel then, ſince there is no glimpſe of Comfort.
[*Retires.*
My Soul's turn'd Woman, I muſt ask again.
Yet, *Roſamond*, one word. She's fix'd!
Oh that ſome Power would Rivet us for ever
Within each others View,
That ſhe, like me, might have no other Object,
Yet e'er I go, for ever *Roſamond*——

Roſa. What is it you would have me ſpeak?

King. Why any thing that will excuſe my ſtaying.

Roſa. I cannot look upon you.

King. Then turn away, talk to thy ſelf:
Let me but hear thee, if I muſt not ſee thee.

Roſa. Why ſhould ye tempt me to believe again,
Only to load me with a new Affliction?
Could I be ſatisfied——but 'tis impoſſible,
So we muſt part; there is no Remedy.

King. 'tis a ſad truth indeed: Part! 'tis reſolv'd!
Alas, I only came to take my leave,
But fain I would have parted Friends with thee,
Becauſe I thought I had no Friend beſide.

Roſa. And could you think parting would make us Friends?

King. No, but I thought our meeting might.

Roſa. Then why d'ye talk of parting?

King. I know not what I talk of; any thing, let us but talk.

Roſa. Better be ſilent ſure, than talk of that.

King. Why, muſt we not then part?

Roſa. Oh never, *Henry!* I can hold no longer!
Be falſe, or faithful, I muſt love thee ever!
If we muſt part, be't all upon thy Head!
For thus I am reſolv'd to live or dye. [*Embraces.*

King. Then let thy Arms grow round me:
Into thy Soul preſs mine: Tye 'em ſo faſt,

That one may never ſtir without the other.
Oh! now my Tryal comes. Heart, bear this Shock,
And nothing, ſure, can hurt thee. [*Aſide.*
Roſa. Why do ye tremble?
Your Blood is ſummon'd from your Cheeks
By ſome ſtrange Call; or have I preſs'd too hard,
And kiſs'd it from 'em?
King. It will not out.
Roſa. What will not?
King. Fate has ſo order'd. (boads Ruin!
Roſa. How has Fate order'd? Oh! my Soul
King. I'll call it by a gentler Name than parting.
Roſa. Nothing that's gentle is allay'd to it.
King. We muſt ſeparate.
Roſa. Not when my Arms grow round thee.
King. My Stars have loos'd 'em.
Roſa. 'Tis falſe, they claſp thee ſtill.
King. My Son, in whom I plac'd intire Repoſe
Has caſt off Duty, and now heads Rebellion!
The factious Clergy all applaud the Act!
His Mother knows, but ſoftens the vile Treaſon!
And if the Current be'nt with ſpeed turn'd off,
'Twill burſt the Barriers of our Love for ever.
Roſa. Let me go with you.
King. Impoſſible!
Thy tender Body cannot brook ſuch uſage,
As the Neceſſity of War throws on us.
Roſa. I'll like a Page attend you where you go,
Run by your Side, and watch your ſleeping Hours,
And in the Fight I'll always meet your Danger.
I'll ſtep before you as your Fate approaches,
That when the God of War beholds my daring,
And ſees he muſt through me create his Conqueſt,
Honour ſhall find it ſelf out-done by Love,
And bluſhingly reverſe your Deſtiny.
King. Oh wond'rous Conſtancy! (other?
Heav'n! Art thou not aſham'd to let us want each
But we muſt bear it;

Our

Our preſent Pain will make our future Joy,
And to ſhew much of Love, is much to ſuffer.
Within this Bower, which purpoſely I fram'd
For thy Security, thou ſhalt remain;
The Labyrinths Conveyance none does know
But *Vaughan*,
He, and thy Confeſſor, are all ſhall wait thee.

Roſa. Alas, I ſhall not need 'em.

King. Why?

Roſa. Oh! I ſhall never ſee thy Face again!
An evil Dream this Morning entertain'd me,
And now it is Confirm'd.

King. Divert thoſe fears, for I ſhall come again:
I've made a Vow to Heav'n, in thy behalf,
And ſure 'twill Guard us till it is perform'd.
I'm call'd; once more into thy Arms, and
Then to War. Farewell. [*Trumpets ſound.*

Roſa. Nay, let me ſee thee to the Gates:
Let my fond Eyes the moſt o'th' Object make:
Oh that they could ſuch a long Slumber take,
That I, thy Abſence, might in Sleep beguile,
Then wake to run with a tranſported Smile,
And meet thee at thy laſt returning Mile.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Abbot *and* Bertrard.

Abbot. IT muſt be done; there is no other way:
We muſt launch out, or ſplit upon the Rock
Of her Diſpleaſure.

Bert.

Bert. Ay, but the King! (ſpicious Gale

Abb. Fear not, the Wind ſits fair, and the au-
Will in few Hours waft him to *Normandy*.

Bert. Ay, ay; You've fed me up all along with Fancies, and made me believe the Lord knows what, that I ſhould be promoted and advanc'd: I'm in a very fair way indeed, if hanging will do't.

Abb. The lucky Hour is come, accept the Offer,
And be what thou deſireſt.

Bert. What, becauſe I'm *Roſamond*'s Confeſſor, and have the Privilege of the Bower, you perſuade me to make my ſelf a Property to the Queen's Revenge, and be acceſſary to the Death of my ſweet Charge?

Abb. You take me for a Villain then, it ſeems.

Bert. It ſeems ſomewhat ſcurvily; Not that I
Am afraid I ſhall be ſo. (take you for one, but

Abb. Go to; you are to blame, and I muſt chide
What, think you I'd impoſe a Falſhood on you, (you,
Upon the Man I love, my Confident?

Bert. Oh, ſhe's a furious Queen! I ſhall never forget what a fright ſhe put me in; I am not come to my ſelf yet, nay, 'tis a Queſtion whether ever I ſhall.

Abb. I tell thee, ſhe's a perfect Convert, Brother;
Moves with my Will, and acts as I direct.
Come, ſhall I tell thee why ſhe courts this Viſit?
I have enjoy'd it as a Penance to her,
To mortifie her Pride, and haughty Humour,
And work, if poſſible, a Change in Nature.
Where thou fear'ſt Danger, thou ſhalt find it Calm
As Peace it ſelf.

Bert. This is wonderful!

Abb. The timorous *Roſamond* ſhall be ſurpriz'd,
And with the Arms of Clemency embrac'd;
The Lioneſs and Lamb ſhall yoke together.

Bert. Ay, but can it be laſting?

Abb.

Abb. My Life for't.
Mark what I ſay, and thou ſhalt find it Truth:
This Queen thou dread'ſt, ſhall daily viſit her,
Condole their ſep'rate Loſs in *Henry*'s Abſence;
Nay, with the Bowl of Plenty ſhall careſs her;
Each Day ſhall ſtill beget new Marks of Friendſhip,
As this muſt uſher in the happy Union.

Bert. Why this is from one Extreme to th'other:
Can magnificent Majeſty condeſcend to this?

Abb. You ſoon ſhall be convinc'd: See there,
I've been her Purveyor already:
Choice Wines and Fruits, the beſt of Nature's Store,
Are ready to Regale the fair Recluſe.
Come, will you do the Office of a Friend,
Or ſhall I tell the Queen of your Refuſal?

Bert. Oh, no, no, by no means. (I believe he's in earneſt, and I will not baulk my Fortune. *Aſide.*) But do you really think in your Soul I ſhall ever live to be an Abbot? (*to Bert.*

Abb. The Mitre waits thy own Acceptance, *Bert.*

Bert. Why truly a Mitre's a fine Thing; next to a Crown there's nothing above it; nay, I have often known the Mitre govern the Crown; and really 'tis great to govern a Crown; 'tis part of the Churches Prerogative: and though I am but a little Abbot, I ſhall be a tite Abbot, and the World is not over-ſtock'd with tite Abbots. Well, Father, I am all Obedience, I'll do't.

Abb. About it then.

Bert. What juſt now at this Minute! ha!

Abb. Why doſt thou tremble ſo?

Bert. Cold, only Cold; nothing elſe. There's no going back now, I have given my Promiſe; but my Mind miſgives me plaguily. If ſhe murders *Roſamond*, I muſt certainly make up the Chorus: and if, inſtead of a Mitre to enlighten my Brow, I ſhould have a Halter to encircle my Neck, Oh Lord!

Abb. Who waits? *Enter*

Enter two Servants.

Bert. Who are theſe, ha? They look terribly. That Fellow has a dreadful cut-throat Countenance.

Abb. They are my Servants.

Bert. I never ſaw 'em before.

Abb. What then?

Bert. Nay, be not angry, I'm ready.---Sure this Abbot cannot have the Heart to murder one of his Brethren, when I am no hindrance to his Preferment. *Aſide.*---My Lord!

Abb. What ſay you?

Bert. Is the Queen ready?

Abb. At hand.

Bert. Sir *Thomas* is dev'liſh Jealous; you muſt keep out of Sight till I've ſecur'd him; if he ſees us, I'm undone.

Abb. Oh! fear not. [*Ex.* Bert. *with the Ruffians.*
The Fool's grown Troubleſom and Dangerous,
Too fearful, too inquiſitive to live.
Therefore I've ſent him on this ſpeedy Errand.
I hope his Curioſity will tempt him (ſon'd
To taſte both Wine and Fruit; all which are poy-
Beyond the reach of Art to Remedy.
'Tis not improbable but he may urge her
To follow the Example of her Granum.
But ſay this Project fails, what then muſt ſecond?
A Dagger muſt complete the erring Potion.
Remov'd ſhe muſt be, let come on't what will;
There is no middle Courſe in doing ill.

Enter Queen *and Attendants.*

Queen. What, at a loſs, my Friend, my Oracle?
Is this a time for thinking?

Abb. 'Twas for your Service, Madam.

Queen. I believe you, but cannot brook delay:
My Rage boyls o'er, and Nature's in a Flame;
Fierce as a Tygreſs that has loſt her Young.

I thruſt

I thirſt for the Purſuit of the Deſtroyer.

Abb. Your Guards muſt ſtay behind.

Queen. Why ſo? (Suſpicion.

Abb. They are too Numerous, and will breed
Beſides, I have provided Hands enough,
And nothing's wanting, but your Royal Preſence
To Grace the Scene.

Queen. Now, *Roſamond*, thy Laſt of Life is run:
Since thy Ambition levels at my Crown,
Swift as the firſt Uſurper thou ſhalt down,
To Molten Seas, and Lakes of Sulph'rous Fire,
Whoſe Flames are reſtleſs as thy own Deſire;
Seem always dying, but ſhall ne'er Expire. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Out-ſide of the Bower.*

Enter Bertrard *and Ruffians.*

Bert. Oh, yonder he is. What, ho! Sir *Thomas!*
[*Knocks.*

Sir *Tho.* (*above.*) The Devil's in the Fellow: If a Man were not Deaf, here's Noiſe enough to make him ſo.

Bert. 'Tis I, your Friend.

Sir *Tho.* Father *Bertrard?*

Bertr. The ſame.

Sir *Tho.* What Wind drives you hither?

Bert. A Meſſage from the King, and a Preſent for (the Lady.

Sir *Tho.* I'm coming, I'm coming. [*Deſcends.*

Bert. My Heart beats ſtill; I ſweat with Apprehenſion: I ſhould make but an ill Martyr for Religion; and to die for theſe Lovers would be ten times more terrible.

Enter Sir Thomas.

Sir *Tho.* What have we here, ha! I ſhould have thought a Preſent of Jewels had been more proper than

than Wine; but may be he thinks it fit ſhe ſhould be kept Maudlin till he return: In with your Luggage Friends.

Bert. What, before you? (it therefore.

Sir *Tho.* This is no place for Ceremony, I take Troop, or---- [*Ex.* Bert. *and* Ruff. There muſt be ſomething more than ordinary in this, for he never mention'd a Syllable to me; yet now I think on't, Lovers are very apt to forget, and the poor Gentleman was in a ſtrange Confuſion at parting: Well I'll in, and examine the whole. Ha! who comes yonder! the Queen! Gods Life, there's Villany, I'll Houſe preſently and ſecure my Charge. [*Re-enter* Ruff. *and ſtab him.* Murder, Murder.

Enter Queen and Abbot.

Abb. Drag him to yonder Thicket. Now, Madam, all is ſafe, and we may enter.

[*Ruff. Drags off Sir* Tho. *Ex. Queen and Abbot.*

Enter King, *and* Verulam *Diſguis'd.*

King, Pity me rather than condemn my Frailty,
And ſpare the rigid Cenſure I deſerve;
I cannot reſt, ſome Devils haunt my Soul:
When late laſt Night I ſunk to my Repoſe
A dreadful Viſion entertain'd my Slumber;
Poor *Roſamond* methought was all on Fire,
And as I ſtrove to quench the raging Object,
The Queen threw Oil on the expiring Flames,
And made 'em blaze a-freſh with fiercer fury.

Veru. 'Tis but the reſtleſs Paſſion of your Love.

King. I ſtarted from my Dream, and call'd to thee,
Bad thee get Horſe, attend me inſtantly,
And thus unknown we've poſted from *Southampton*;
Methinks we have rid upon the Wind, ha, *Verulam,*
I ſcarce could feel the Speed my Spurs created,

And

And yet methoughts 'twas a ſlow pace to Love,
Veru. It is not fit that I diſpute your Will,
Tho' I could wiſh, nay, do with all my Soul,
This Ague fit of Love had never ſeiz'd you;
For by it, you may loſe the bleſs'd occaſion
That time e'er offer'd to ſurprize your Foes.
King. Tell me no more of Foes while ſhe's in danger,
For, oh, my Soul is wedded to the Fair,
Whoſe Power is boundleſs as her Beauties Charms;
When I would go, there's ſomething holds me back;
Even while I talk, my boding Heart, with more
Than uſual fierceneſs, beats its time,
As if that Life were on the hurry.
Why this cold Dew, which flows from every Pore?
Why do I tremble thus?
Surely the Earth ſuffers the throws of Labour,
And ſome ſtrange Birth ſtarts forth to view the World.
Ver. Imagination gains upon you, Sir.
King. Ha! Is't not Blood?
By Heav'n a mighty Tract! where is the Source?
Search! find it out! I'm on the Rack!
[*They ſearch and drag in*
Am I to blame now, *Verulam*? [*Sir* Tho Vaughan.
Oh, ſpeak! where is my Soul? my Love? my *Roſamond*?
Sir *Tho.* I ſhall never recover.
King. Say, is ſhe living? Anſwer me quickly,
If thou'dſt ſave the King.
Sir *Tho.* The Queen and Abbot.....
King. The Devil.
Sir *Tho.* Ay, and his Dam too, they have maul'd me.
King. Force open the Doors.
Ver. Impoſſible! the means are wanting.
King. Would I have anſwer'd ſo to *Verulam*?
To thy Relief I would have added Wings.
Would I had Men, not Walls, to Combat with!
With my keen Sword I'd hew a paſſage through!
Spight of all Oppoſition force my way,

And

And from the Harpies Talons ſnatch the Prey.
[*Exit* King *and* Veru.

Sir *Tho.* Gently, gently, good Gentlemen, I ſhall reach my Journy's end ſoon enough. If the King does force in, and my Life keeps me company ſo long, I would fain ſee my ſelf reveng'd on this damn'd *Abbot*. (recover?

Gent. Will you not be dreſs'd Sir, you may

Sir *Tho.* No, I'm paſt the Cure of a Salve-dauber, would I had the Grace to ask Pardon for my Sins: But I have put off my Repentance as I us'd to do my Buſineſs, till the laſt hour, and now I'm hurry'd to the Devil at a moments warning! Softly, good Sirs, ſoftly. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Bower.*

Enter Roſamond *and* Bertrard.

Roſa. You have remov'd the Miſt of my Offences
Which, like a Cloud aſcended up to Heaven,
And hinder'd all my Prayr's from being heard.
How willingly could I relinquiſh Life!
Part with this wretched being! and for ever,
Within the Earth's cold Womb, contented lye?

Bert. Have you a mind to deſtroy your ſelf? Go to, you're to blame; by my Order you are. What! ſpoil that pretty Face with whimpering, and crying for a little Abſence?

Roſa. I am miſerable, Father! A loſt Creature! For all the comfort of my Life is gone!
The Sun has left the Horrizon, and I,
Like thoſe who live under the Frozen Pole,
Am now all Darkneſs, Horror and Confuſion.

Bert. He'll return, I warrant thee, ſpeedily; he can't live without you. You're the Apple of his Eye, the Joy of his Heart, the Lamp of his Life, and

and he'll bring Oil to feed it, I'm certain ——— If the Queen ſhould bolt upon us, while ſhe's in this humour, 'twould ſcare her out of her Wits; there is no perſwading her to Reaſon: I'll ſee what a comfortable Dram will do. Why, Madam! Madam! you have forgot what the King ſent, he foreſaw there would be occaſion, and, like a prudent Man, provided againſt a Rainy Seaſon; ſee how it ſparkles, 'tis as bright as your Eyes: [*Opens a flask of Wine and fills.* As red as your Lips. Now cannot I forbear His Majeſties Health: May he live for ever. [*Drinks.*

Roſa. Heaven ſay, *Amen.*

Bert. It has an odd ſort of a Farewell—I can't imagine what growth this Grape is of——'tis not *Burgundy.* Gad ſhall ſave me, it warms one ſtrangely; ſuch a twang I have not met with: I muſt cover his Majeſties Health with your Ladyſhips. Come bleſs both! bleſs both! [*Drinks.*

Enter Queen *and* Abbot.

Queen. What ſtately Rooms! what glorious Apartments!
How Furniſh'd! how Adorn'd! Theſe ſhew a Grandeur,
Fit for the Empreſs of the Univerſe.

Abbot. Love always ſerves his Minions at this Rate,
And 'tis her turn to be aſcendant now.

Queen. Not and I live my moſt Officious Sir.

Roſa. The Queen!

Bert. Ha! how terrible ſhe looks.

Queen. An unexpected Viſitor it ſeems.

Roſa. Where is my Guardian? Where my Servants?

Abbot. They're gone before to Uſher you the way.

Roſa, I am betray'd! Undone.

Queen.

Queen. Thou art, indeed.
Thy Guilt arraigns thee, and thy Conſcience has
Pronounc'd againſt thy ſelf the fatal Sentence:
Here all thy Glories mingle with the Duſt.

Bert. Oh Lord! what will become of us, ſhe's got into one of her mad Fits again? I'm ruin'd! A loſt Man!

Roſa. What means my Queen? (the Queen,

Queen. No, you miſtake, I am the Slave, you are
For all of Majeſty, of Power, and Pomp,
Are Center'd by my Lord, the King, in you;
I ſervilely attend your leiſure Hours,
And humbly wait upon his idle Pleaſures.

Bert. Here will be Murder; I'm in a Sweat al-

Abb. Peace, Fool. (ready.

Bert. Peace Fool! where is't? here's no likelihood of Peace; here's nothing but Fire and Tow, and I burn already.

Roſa. Will you but hear me? (ſet;

Queen. No, 'tis in vain, thy bounds of Life are
Thou dyeſt Uſurper. (Blow.

Roſa. Yet ſtay, one word before you ſtrike the

Abb. She is not fit to Live, therefore Diſpatch:
Strike home, and while ſhe's ſtudying for a Lye,
Let her ſink quick to Hell, and tell it there.

[*A Noiſe within.*

Enter Ruffian.

Ruff. The King.

Queen. Ha! where;

Ruff. Is upon Entrance.

Abb. Has Miſchief plaid the Jilt.

Roſa. Oh lucky Minute! (dedly.

Bert. Welcome, dear King; but I burn confoun-

Queen. Thou ſhalt not eſcape.

Roſa. You will not Murder me! (ſhould end.

Queen. Had'ſt thou ten thouſand Lives, here they

Abb.

Abb. We trifle time away.

Queen. To let thee ſee I am yet Charitable,
And would not kill but on Neceſſity,
Here, take thy choice, drink this, and linger out
A moments Space.

Roſa. Yet Mercy! [*Kneels.*

Queen. Here's all I have. [*Offers to Stab her.*

Roſa. Oh, hold! Give me the Cup! The Dag-
(ger gives
Immediate Death, and I ſhall periſh e'er I ſee the
(King.

Abb. What, will you ſpare her? (*Noiſe louder.*

Queen. No---Drink or--- (of Life;

Roſa. I do. Thus I ſubmit, and drink the Bane,
The Bane of Love. Oh *Henry!* thus I fall thy
Sacrifice. [*Drinks*

Bert, What! Do I ſee the ſame Wine I drank?

Queen. Riſe, *Roſamond.* (Oh! My Bowels!

Roſa. Only to fall again? No, I am down for
(ever.

Bert. Is the Wine poyſon'd, no help?

Abb. None; you muſt be taſting, fall to your
(Prayers.

Bert. I've none of my Beads: Oh! I'm gone!
(I'm dying! I'm dead!

Abb. Lead the Fool out; let not his Noiſe di-
(ſturb us.

Bert. Oh, Gentlemen, what will become of my Soul? what will become of my Soul? Take notice, Friends, that I die in doubt! I die in doubt! for I dont know where I'm going.

[*Ruffians lead out* Bertrard.

Enter King, Verulam, *and Guards,*

King. Am I then come too late? And is my Roſe,
My lovely Roſe, torn ſhort from off the Stalk?
Look up my Love, and bleſs me with thy Eyes;
Oh, gaze upon me while their Luſtre laſt,

And when they close, I'll sink in darkness with 'em.

Rosa. I do, I must while I have any Being;
But, Oh, the Date is short, yet I am blest
That I expire within your Royal Arms.

King. Open the snowy Mansion of thy Breasts,
Where Natures everlasting matchless Sweets (em.
Shoot forth, to bless the Sence that can approach
Oh, shew me where the bleeding Sluces are,
That I may piece meal tear my trembling Flesh,
To stop thy flowing Life.

Rosa. I have no Wounds,

King. Why then dost thou talk of dying?
Why stretch my Soul upon the Rack of Tortures?

Queen. Oh, most detested Sight;
Curse on my Hand that spar'd the Object
Which so much torments me.

King. Help me to rear her.

Rosa. O, if I stir I die, my Dear, Dear *Henry.*

King. What? (time

Rosa. I'm Poison'd; let me Embrace you for the
I stay, and breath my Soul out here, for 'tis on (Wing.

King. Some run with speed, and call Assistance
My Crown to him that saves her. (hither,

Enter Sir Thomas, *led in.*

Sir *Tho.* Thank you Gentlemen for your good Company hither, I am Travelling; the Abbot, that Spiritual Guide, has given me a wrong Pass, a Pox on him.

Abb. While Fate is busie, I will shift the Place,
It grows too hot for me.

Veru. Your Pardon Sir,
[*As the Abbot is going,* Verulam *stops him.*
We must not part yet.

Sir *Tho.* No, hold him good *Verulam*; let not the Layety be ever the Sufferers; let the Church have

have her ſhare of this Miſchief, that ſhe may not Laugh at us always.

Abb. An Ax, a Gibbet, or a Wheel; Oh, Scandal of my Tribe, to be thus caught.

Roſa. Have I your Hand?

King. Why, doſt thou queſtion it?

Roſa. A ſudden Miſt intrudes upon my Sight,
My Limbs grow Numb; I ſhiver with the Cold,
Cold touch of Death; Oh, help me, claſp me hard;
A tall lean ſhade is plucking me away:
I muſt along with him.

King. Oh, dreadful Sound! (hereafter,

Roſa. Remember me a little amidſt your Joys
Indeed I'll think on you; Oh, in my Grave,
(when you
Expire, be laid; I'll keep it warm againſt your
(coming.
I'm very Sick----my Pain's exceeding great----
But yet I Love, believe me that I Love, Farewell.
[*Dies.*

King. Oh, one word more, my *Roſamond*, one
She's gone, the beauteous Frame's diſſolv'd, (more,
Life is no more; and what is Life without her?
Now for *Meduſa's* Head to work a Change,
That I might grow a Statue by her Side,
And be each others Monument for ever.

Veru. My Royal Lord, (her Lips?

King. What wond'rous ſweetneſs dwells upon
Tho' Death has Raviſh'd hence the blooming Roſe,
The Lillies ſpring afreſh ---but a pale yellow
Steals upon their Beauty, and with the ſetting Sun,
They ſeem to wither.

Veru. Sir, I beſeech you; (gles,

King. Oh, *Verulam*, behold! how Nature ſtrug--
The Red again ſeems to aſſume her Cheeks,
And Death's unwilling to perform his Office;
He's ſtept to Heav'n to beg her a Reprieve:
Life, like a Lambent Glory, Dances round her,

And waits for freſh Admittance.
Veru. Will you not hear me Sir? (plain'd,
King. The Gods were deaf to me when I com-
And I will now be ſo to all the World.
Queen. May I not ſpeak?
King. And juſtify the Murder: Hence begone.
Queen. No; as an expiation for the Fact,
Here take my Life, but ſpare my Children.
King. Ha! what ſay you?
Queen. Our eaſie Natures were impos'd upon,
Abuſed by yonder Villains Sophiſtry;
Had he ne'er blown the Embers of Suſpicion,
That you deſign'd to Ruin them and me,
Theſe Hands had ne'er been ſtain'd with Blood,
King. Speak Fury, what could urge thee to this
(Deed?
Abb. Remember *Becket*, and then ſhake with
King. Away with him to Death. (Horror.
Abb. Thou dar'ſt not kill me *Henry*;
Too much o'th' Church's Blood hangs on thy Head:
If thou tak'ſt mine 'tis multiplying Murder.
King. Thou ſhalt not live, tho' I appeal unto
(his Holineſs.
Sir *Tho.* That's asking my Fellow if I am a
(Thief.--
There's Juſtice cheaper for you:
[*Stabs the* Abbot, *who falls.*
Sink Pulpit-Furniture,
Abb. 'Tis done, and all your torturing Projects are prevented: But Monarch, here I Propheſie thy Ruin! To *Becket's* Shrine thou muſt a Pilgrim go, the Church has vow'd it; ſhun it if thou canſt. And next thy Son; Thy Son ſhall wear thy Crown in thy own Life-time. *Becket*, thy Hand, and Guide me, for I'm coming.
King. Can Wickedneſs, like thine, e'r hope for
(Heav'n?
Abb. No matter what I hope for, this I know,

Thy Plagues on Earth will equal mine below. [*Dies.*

Sir *Tho.* So, here's a Temporal Pimp, by a Spiritual Knave, and how to get to Heav'n without him will be hard.

Ver. Poor Sir *Thomas.*

Sir *Tho.* As Rich as I was born, the Earth has her own again, and I owe the World nothing. [*Dies.*

King. Behold what thou hast done, unthinking [Woman;
Thou wretched Instrument to yonder Villain!
Prithee begone, lest that my trembling Hand
Rush on a Deed unworthy of my self. (ever;

Queen. I go, and if thy Rage will banish me for
It will some Pleasure to my wrongs appear,
As I must ne'er have thee, thou can'st not her. [*Ex. Queen.*

King, Oh, *Rosamond!*
What Wonders would I do to purchase thee again!

Ver. Take Comfort, Sir, since she is past restoring;
Let War, and thoughts of Conquest, drive her from (you.
Your Country wants you, and your Honour calls,
If you'd do something to Revenge her Loss,
Now is the time; your Son invites you to't.
We'll raise a Funeral Pile of *Norman* Rebels,
And burn 'em to the Memory of her. (me;

King. I thank thee, *Verulam,* thou hast awak'd
Let's hasten to Erect that Monument.
Oh *Rosamond!* thou shalt be nobly follow'd;
Of my own Bowels I will make Attonement!
And my curs'd Queen shall find her Rage outdone,
For I'll Revenge thy Loss upon her Son. [*Ex.*

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